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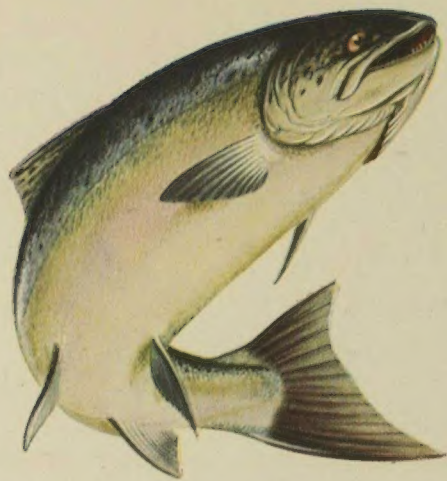
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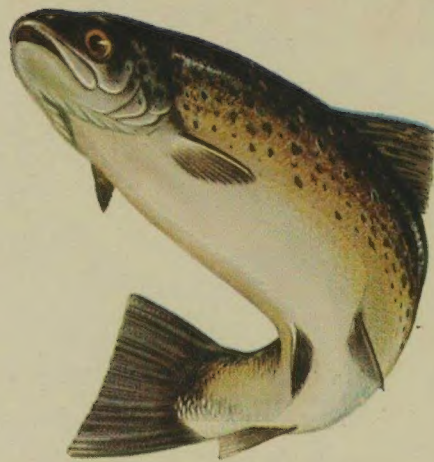
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.





SALMON

"The Salmon" as Izaak Walton wrote, "is the King of fresh water fish." Indeed, whether on a taut line that cuts hissing through the water, or lying on a dish, robed royally in mayonnaise, there is no other candidate for the title.



TROUT

Full of fire and dash in play, trout are all melting delicacy in the mouth. How should they be cooked—au bleu? meunière? An English recipe for Trout Pie, of 1806, calls for three-quarters of a pound of butter. Perhaps, after all, simple grilling is best.



CHAR

This member of the trout family is found locally in a number of mountain lakes in Britain. Its flesh is delicate and fine in texture. The name derives from its reddish colour—Gaelic "ceara" means red. The char of Windermere and Coniston are best for size and flavour.



EELS

The eels in English streams set off as tiny elvers from the Sargasso sea, on an Atlantic crossing that takes three years—perhaps to find, beside a glass of Guinness, a sizzling and savoury destiny as Spitchcocked Eels, fried in egg and bread-crumbs and served with anchovy sauce.



CARP

An old English way with carp was to fry them lightly and then stew them with anchovies, thyme and a mushroom ketchup. Try it with your Guinness after a day on the river. Carp live to a great age; some are said to reach 150 years, but 40 is probably their limit.



PERCH

Monastic stewponds were largely stocked with perch. In 1496 the Book of St. Albans described it as "a daynteous fysshe and passynge holson." Anglers nowadays can make perch a yet more wholesome dainty by washing it down with Guinness.



GRAYLING

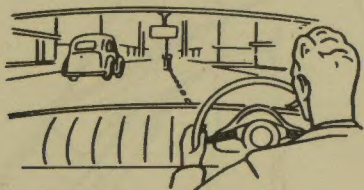
"If the trout be the gentleman of the streams," wrote one fisherman, "the grayling is certainly the lady." Is this because they will rise again and again to the same fly? Grayling are best in November. A fresh-caught fish smells of cucumber.



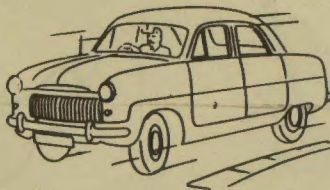
**—AND GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU**

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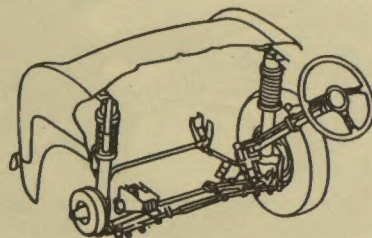
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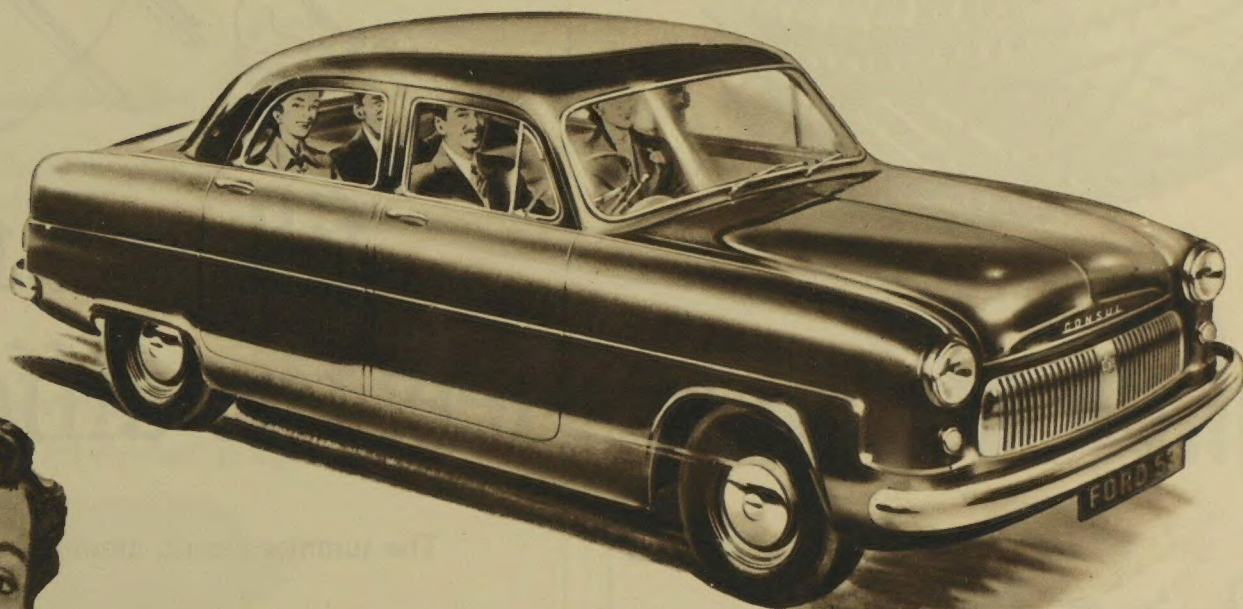
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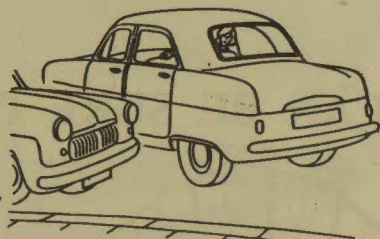


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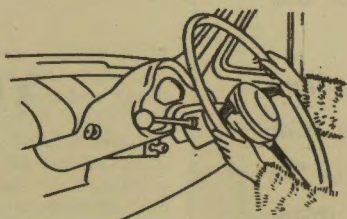


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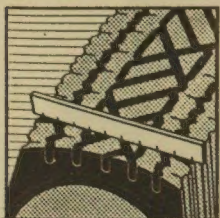
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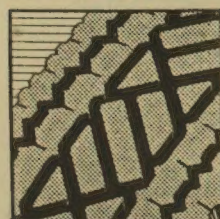
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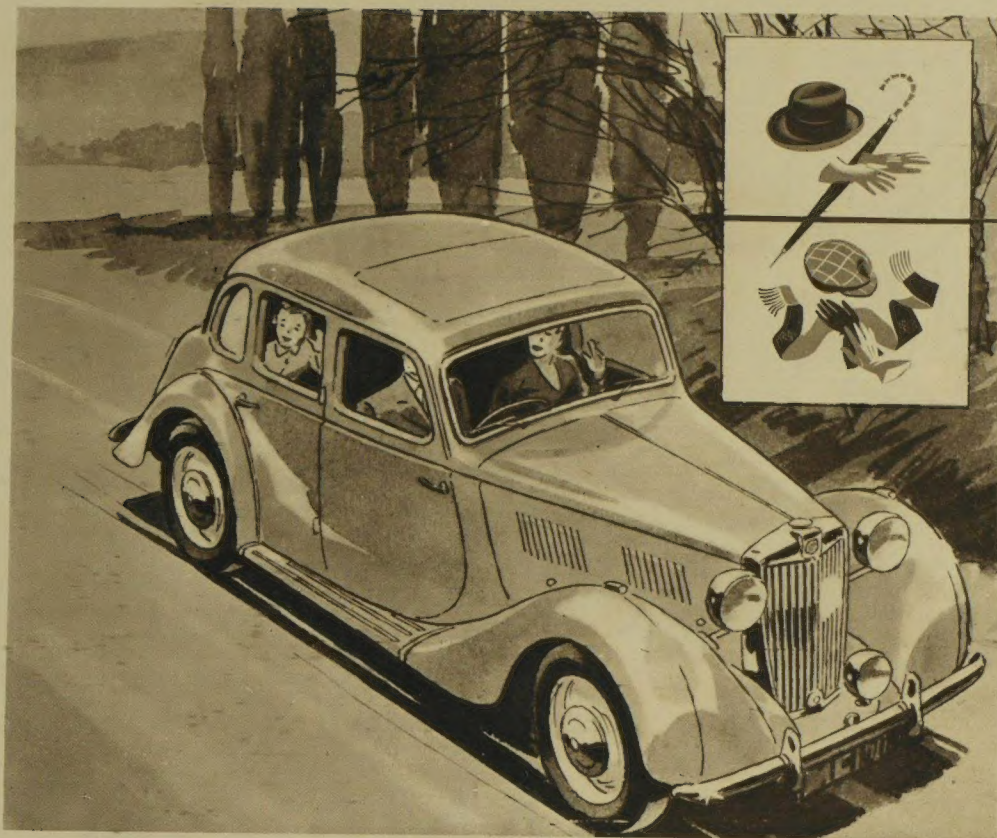


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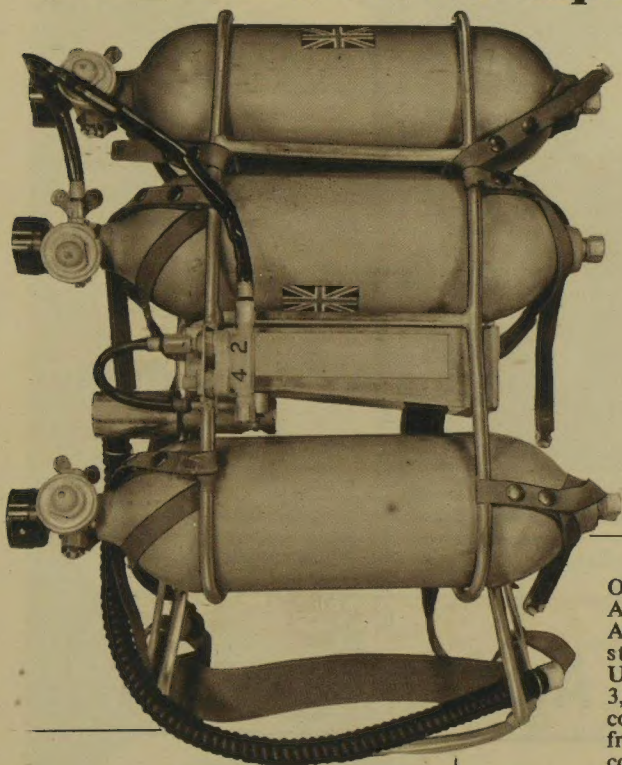
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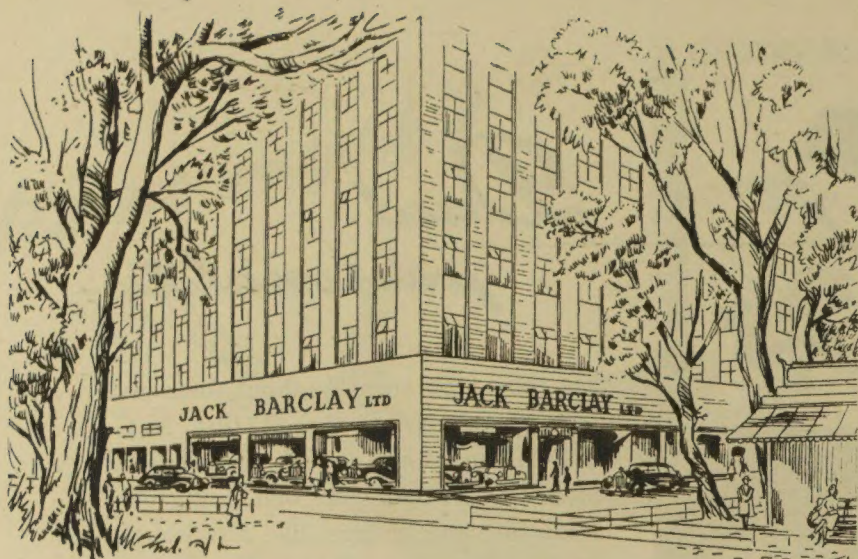
let us not forget the
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in past heroic attempts

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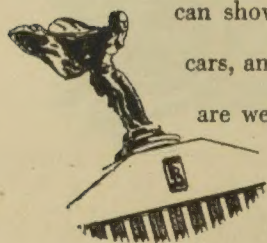
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used by the 1953 and earlier expeditions



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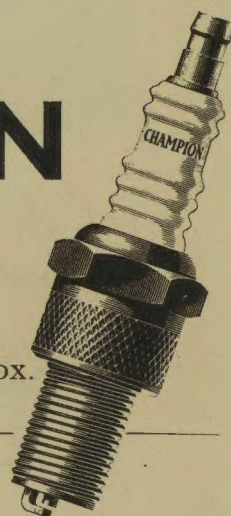
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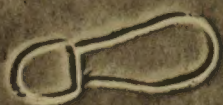
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- Open Air Opera Season (July)
- Symphony Concerts in the Ducal Palace (July)
- Exhibition of French Tapestries in the Palazzo Grassi
(July 12th - September 20th)
- XIVth International Film Festival
(August 20th - September 4th)
- XVIth International Festival of Contemporary Music
(September 6th - 17th)
- XIVth International Theatre Festival
(September 19th - October 7th)

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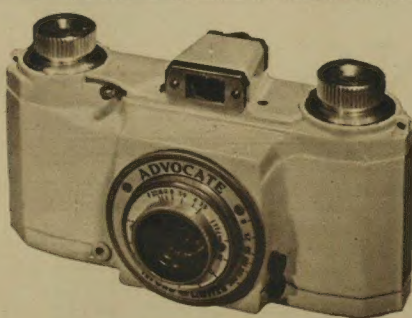
Information

Italian State Tourist Office (ENIT), 201 Regent Street, London, W.1.
Ufficio Comunale Turismo, Cà Giustinian, Venezia:
Ente Provinciale Turismo, San Marco Ascensione 1300, Venezia
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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1953.



THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST: E. P. HILLARY (LEFT) AND TENSING BHUTIA, THE FIRST MEN TO SET FOOT ON THE SUMMIT OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

On the night of June 1-2, the eve of the Coronation, *The Times* received from the British Mount Everest Expedition, 1953, the message that E. P. Hillary and the Sherpa Tensing Bhutia, had reached the summit of the mountain, 29,002 ft. high, on May 29. It was later announced that the time of their triumph was 11.30 a.m. and that they stayed on the summit for about fifteen minutes. The news was taken directly to H.M. the Queen and published on the morning of her Coronation—a "crowning homage" for the great day. The Queen sent an

immediate message of congratulation; and on June 8 it was announced that she had approved the conferring of a K.B.E. on Mr. E. P. Hillary and a Knighthood on Colonel John Hunt, the leader of the expedition. At the same time it was stated that she desired also to honour Tensing Bhutia, but that, since he is not a British subject, the form of the award would require consultation. He is claimed as a citizen by both Nepal and India. A George Medal was offered and it is understood that Nepal has agreed to this.

(Photograph and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")

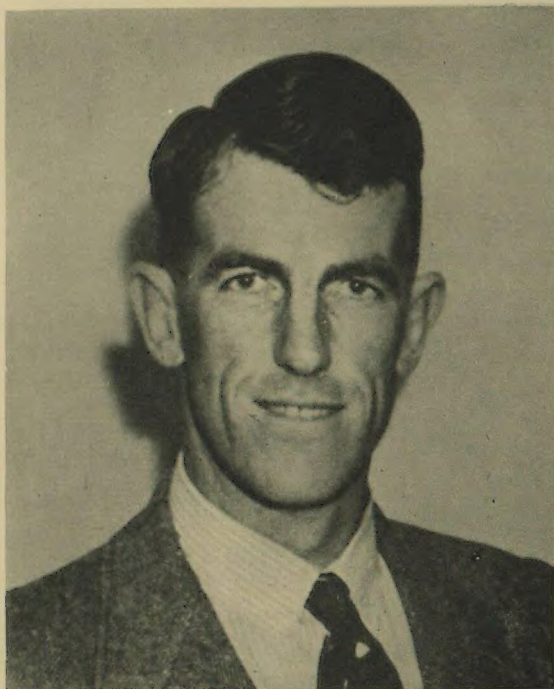
THE FIRST MAN TO SET FOOT ON THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST: E. P. HILLARY, IN NEPAL, AND AT HOME.



EDMUND HILLARY (RIGHT) AND TENSING BHUTIA, THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST, PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER AT THYANG-BOCHE MONASTERY, ON THEIR WAY BACK TO KATMANDU.



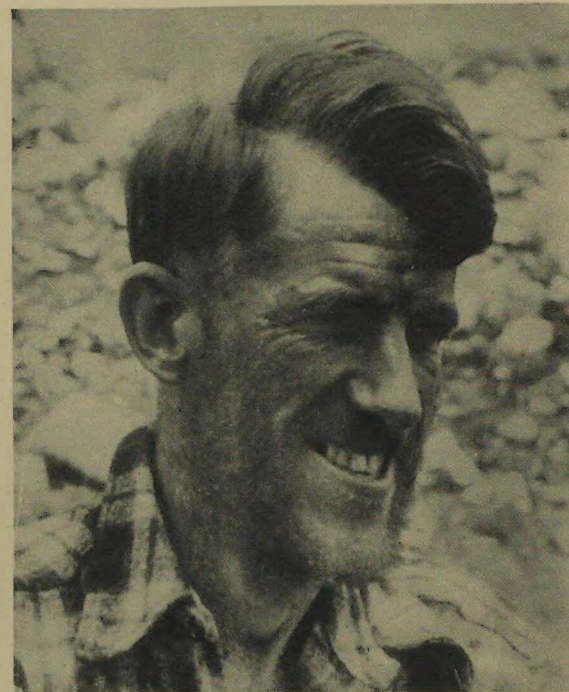
HILLARY AS BEE-KEEPER: THE GREAT MOUNTAINEER AND CONQUEROR OF EVEREST, SEEN BESIDE SOME OF THE HIVES OF HIS BEE-FARM NEAR AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.



EDMUND HILLARY AT HOME IN NEW ZEALAND. ON JUNE 8 THE QUEEN APPROVED HIS APPOINTMENT AS A KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.



EDMUND HILLARY'S PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. E. P. HILLARY, AT THEIR HOME IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF AUCKLAND, NORTH ISLAND, N.Z., READING ONE OF THE MANY TELEGRAMS OF CONGRATULATION.



EDMUND HILLARY, BEARDED AS HE WAS WHEN HE REACHED THE SUMMIT OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN. HE IS THIRTY-FOUR YEARS OLD AND SERVED WITH THE R.N.Z.A.F.

EDMUND HILLARY, the conqueror, with Tensing, of Everest, and actually the first man to set foot on the summit of the world's highest mountain, is thirty-four years old. Like several of the most distinguished post-war mountaineers, he is a New Zealander, and in private life runs a bee-farm not far from Auckland, in the North Island of New Zealand. He started mountaineering while still a schoolboy at Auckland Grammar School; but during his wartime service with the R.N.Z.A.F. he was badly burnt in an accident, and it was feared for a while that he would not climb again. It has been his habit when possible to spend two seasons of mountaineering each year in New Zealand's Southern Alps—one in February



WHERE HILLARY LEARNT HIS MOUNTAINEERING: MT. COOK (12,349 FT.) (RIGHT CENTRE), NEW ZEALAND'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, AND (RIGHT) MT. TASMAN (11,467 FT.). THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS ARE CONSIDERED IDEAL TRAINING FOR HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINEERING.

to perfect his rock-climbing, one in September to learn icework. The New Zealand Alps are considered an even better training-ground for the Himalayas than the Swiss Alps, on account of the snow and ice conditions. The Southern Alps likewise are not fitted with chalets, and the New Zealand mountaineer profits by the rigours of mountain camps. Hillary has also had considerable Himalayan experience

before this year, since he was a member of the British party which reconnoitred Everest in 1951 and of Mr. Shipton's expedition to Cho Oyu in 1952. On June 8 H.M. the Queen approved his appointment as a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire; and on June 20, at Katmandu, the King of Nepal presented him with the Order of the Gurkha Right Hand, First Class.

COLONEL JOHN HUNT, LEADER AND ORGANISER OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION: AT KATMANDU, AND ON THE HEIGHTS.



EATING A MEAL ON THE HEIGHTS OF MOUNT EVEREST: COLONEL JOHN HUNT AND MEMBERS OF THE PARTY DURING THE LHOTSE FACE RECONNAISSANCE, WHICH WAS HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THE ASSAULT PLAN.



AT KATMANDU, WHERE HE ARRIVED ON JUNE 14: COLONEL JOHN HUNT, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, DESCRIBING THE HARDSHIPS ENTAILED BY THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.



WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO NEPAL, MR. CHRISTOPHER SUMMERHAYS (LEFT): COLONEL JOHN HUNT (CENTRE) AND MR. TOM BOURDILLON, WHO, WITH MR. EVANS, CLIMBED SOUTH SUMMIT ON MAY 26.



READING SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS AND MESSAGES HE RECEIVED: COLONEL JOHN HUNT (CENTRE) WITH MR. TOM BOURDILLON (RIGHT) AND MR. A. GREGORY.



"WELL DONE, DARLING": MRS. HUNT CONGRATULATING HER HUSBAND, COLONEL JOHN HUNT, ON HER ARRIVAL IN KATMANDU ON JUNE 15.

Colonel John Hunt, leader of the successful British Mount Everest Expedition, reached Katmandu, capital of Nepal, on June 14 with Mr. Tom Bourdillon and Mr. A. Gregory. In discussing the conquest of Everest he has said the weather was favourable, but he attributed the success largely to the unity of the party and fine team-work. By means of acclimatization, training and sound diet they reached the foot of the mountain nearly 100 per cent. fit. The plan for the assault emerged after preliminary experiment on Lhotse face; and required active



GARLANDED WITH FLOWERS WHICH SHE IS SMELLING APPRECIATIVELY: MRS. JOHN HUNT WITH HER HUSBAND, COLONEL—SOON TO BE SIR—JOHN HUNT.

participation high on the mountain of the great majority. It was ambitious, not only on availability of numbers, but also in that it depended on a build-up of stores above the Western Cwm into the zone of altitude where a climber is progressively weakened. The highest camp was established at just under 28,000 ft. He paid tribute to the fine work of the Sherpas; and expressed gratitude for official and private help and hospitality received from the people and Government of Nepal, the British and Indian Embassies and the Indian Military Mission.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MANY people, the writer of this page among them, had doubts about the wisdom and propriety of allowing the Coronation Service to be televised. We were wrong. The television of the Abbey History, or of parts of it, proved to be the greatest achievement in the whole history of the B.B.C. and, I suspect, the most important political event of the present decade and of even, perhaps, a longer period. It made a profound impression on what must have been the largest congregation ever assembled to witness, and take part in, a religious service. It was so for three reasons: the impeccable good taste shown on this occasion by the B.B.C. and its employees and their superb technical achievement; the inherent beauty and dignity of the Coronation Service itself and the deep chords it struck, born of our history and common experience, in the English heart; above all, the superb performance—if such a word can be used of a solemn act of devotion so palpably sincere—of her Majesty the Queen, who made every one of the countless millions who watched and listened, throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth, aware that they were witnessing an act of personal dedication that concerned the whole community. I watched it on the evening of Coronation Day after viewing the procession and, despite the absence of colour and the present limitations of the technique of television, I have never been so moved by anything I have witnessed in my life. Indeed, I am not sure that the limitations of the technique of the conveying instrument did not make it the more moving, for it demanded and enlisted the co-operation of the viewer's imagination. This made even the act of viewing a positive instead of a mere passive act. Having attended an earlier Coronation Service in the Abbey itself, I found myself far more moved by being a participator in it through the medium of this strange new invention. It placed one, as it were, at the very heart of the service and of a mystery.

What we were witnessing was the dedication, before God, of a fellow being to the most exacting and important mission that a human being can perform: the mission of leadership. It was being undertaken, as the Coronation Service ordained and as the Queen's whole training had made inevitable, in a spirit of the most deep and moving humility. In every gesture and movement, and in every line of her face, this young Princess, to whom we have now sworn our allegiance and love, showed that she was intensely aware of what leadership consisted. That implicit knowledge in his daughter was, I feel, the memorial which the late King—a man of the deepest Christian humility—would have chosen, above all other memorials, to his own noble life of dedication and service. It went straight to the heart and mind of every beholder; here, one felt, was a dedicated leader who comprehended the true meaning of leadership; not the vulgar exhibitionism and puerile lust for power of the modern demagogue-dictator, nor the self-seeking leadership of the political or commercial careerist which modern democracy, with all its virtues, so easily produces, but the kind of leadership which Christianity has always enjoined on its noblest sons and daughters: the leadership of service and sacrifice. Without such leadership no nation can long be great or endure.

This question of leadership goes to the root, I believe, of half, or more than half, our present problems. Because a man is the best batsman or centre-forward or the most persuasive orator or the most orderly administrator or the most successful speculator, it by no means follows that he is the best man to captain an eleven, lead a nation or political party or run a great department of State or a business. Frequently, indeed, he is the very worst for the purpose; for supreme individual success in any art, technique or science often involves an excessive concentration on self; and the greatest captains, if they are not to fail, as Napoleon did, on the count, require, above all other qualities, selflessness and disinterestedness. And if I had to make for my country a choice between wealth in great technicians and wealth in true leaders, I should plump for wealth in leadership every time. For a nation which is rich in great technicians may remain poor in great leaders, while a nation that is rich in leaders will inevitably before long automatically produce an abundance of fine technicians, artists and craftsmen. The art

of leadership is the art of selflessly bringing out the best in other men, in making them want to excel and in inducing them, not to restrain their individual gifts, but to pool them for the good of all. The men who gave us victory, against all initial odds, in the late war—men like Montgomery and Alexander and Andrew Cunningham and O'Connor and Wingate—all possessed this multiplying capacity: of inspiring lesser men to rise to the full height of their statures and energies. It is the greatest of all the powers with which the gods can imbue men. It can be abused, like all other gifts, but, rightly used, can bestow the greatest of all earthly blessings.

In the past our country possessed a wonderful system for producing and training leaders of every kind. Unconsciously, for our ancestors never reduced it to a logical theory, we knew that with the right kind of leadership we could always count on success and that, if we possessed this, everything else would be added unto us. It was: our thriving agriculture, our great industrial and commercial achievement, our genius in discovery, our triumphs in poetry and the arts, our vast and ever-growing Empire, our unparalleled succession of naval and military victories, were all due to the fact that we were led by the right kind of men. Our island teemed with them: men like Coke of Norfolk and Wesley, Clive and Warren Hastings, Cook and Boulton,

Nelson and Wellington, Raffles and Brooke of Borneo. The noble country houses, with their beautiful parks and splendid libraries and art galleries, which to-day we are allowing to crumble into ruin, the magnificent colleges and schools with which our land is so richly endowed, our Parliament, our Church, our Judiciary, our local government institutions, our Army and Navy with their traditional splendours and privileges, our commercial institutions, like Lloyd's and the Royal Exchange, the Bank of England and the City Livery Companies, were all devised, even if unintentionally, to train and breed leaders. So were hundreds, and even thousands, of less famous establishments; as a people we were always, from generation to generation, investing our money in this kind of thing: in grammar schools and training-ships and Foundling Hospitals and clubs and societies and annual events that brought out the spirit of emulation and the capacity for co-operation in our people. From the village string choir to the Court of King's Bench,

from the race for Doggett's Badge to the House of Lords, the whole of England was a gigantic and intricate organisation for training and picking out men who could lead their fellows. It was not in the least concerned with equality, or even equality of opportunity—that will-of-the-wisp that has led us into so many a quagmire to-day and will lead us into so many more. It was concerned only with the production of quality: of quality in abundance and for every needful purpose. It produced Keates and Listers, Pitts and Florence Nightingales, Constables and Wrens. It was almost as prodigal in their production as we are in the production of what we call common men. If the symbol of the England of the mid-twentieth century is the queue, that of old England was the star—of honour and achievement: the spirit that made Nelson say with truth that his whole life was actuated by a single dazzling dream, and Shakespeare's Hotspur—that true Elizabethan—cry:

Methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

In our utilitarian and Fabian world, so admirable in many salutary material respects, but so deficient in inspiration and the higher qualities of the spirit, the expression of the Queen's dedication to her lonely, selfless mission of moral leadership came, I believe, as a revelation to millions. It opened a window on to a vision of what our nation might be made if only the same spirit could be infused through the leaders of our national political and economic life. It was a reminder, when we had almost forgotten it, that true greatness can only spring from humility and self-forgetfulness in the sense of mission, and in a profound and abiding sense that, only by a recognition of personal worthlessness, can man attain to the inspiration of the spirit that is the sole source of his greatness.



THE MAN WHOSE ARBITRARY ACTION HAS CAUSED WORLD CONSTERNATION AND ENDANGERED THE NEARLY-COMPLETED TRUCE NEGOTIATIONS IN KOREA: MR. SYNGMAN RHEE, THE SOUTH KOREAN PRESIDENT, WHO, WITHOUT WARNING OR CONSULTATION, ARRANGED FOR THE WHOLESALE ESCAPE OF NON-COMMUNIST NORTH KOREAN PRISONERS OF WAR.

On the night of June 17 at least 25,000 North Korean prisoners of war, classified as anti-Communist, escaped from four U.N. camps in South Korea with the connivance of their South Korean guards. The following day President Rhee said: "In order to avoid the grave consequences which might result (from the armistice agreement) I have to-day, on my own responsibility, ordered the release of anti-Communist prisoners. The reason why I did this without full consultation with the United Nations Command and the other authorities concerned is too obvious to explain. Governors and police officers have been instructed to take care of these released prisoners." Lieut-General Won Yong-duk, the Joint Provost-Marshal of the South Korean Army, also said: "Any individual or military unit attempting to detain or arrest released prisoners will face resistance from the Korean military forces." Their action and attitude have been condemned by the United Nations Headquarters and at Washington and in London. In a statement to the House Sir Winston Churchill said: "I was both shocked and grieved to read this report. I think this is felt in every part of the House. I still think that there may be hope that the truce which is so nearly arranged will not be prevented."

A CENTURY OF ROYAL TRAINS.



IN A ROYAL TRAIN OF 84 YEARS AGO: THE SLEEPING-COACH SPECIALLY MADE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1869, WITH BEDS FOR HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.



THE SITTING-ROOM IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S ROYAL TRAIN, USED BY HER FROM 1869. BY HER EXPRESS COMMAND THIS TRAIN WAS NEVER ALLOWED TO EXCEED 40 M.P.H.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BED IN A ROYAL COACH MADE IN 1903: (L. TO R.) LORD JOWITT, MR. J. H. SCHOLES, CURATOR OF HISTORICAL RELICS, AND LORD LEATHERS, MINISTER FOR CO-ORDINATION OF TRANSPORT.

On June 18 there was opened at Battersea Wharf Station an exhibition staged by the British Transport Commission entitled "Royal Journey." This consists of a number of Royal railway coaches and it is to remain open until July 11, when it begins a tour of fourteen provincial towns. The earliest exhibit—dating from 1842—is a quilted "bed carriage," in which the Dowager Queen Adelaide slept with her feet in a luggage-boot extension made available by raising an upholstered trapdoor at the rear of the compartment. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit, however, is the first railway coach made for Queen Victoria, in 1869, of which we show two views. In the exhibition also is a letter from her equerry, explaining that her Majesty had learnt from an incautious director that this train had travelled at 60 m.p.h. and, while doubting the truth of this claim, laying down the command that in future her train must never be driven at more than 40 m.p.h. Also included are two camouflaged coaches used by the Royal family during the two World Wars.

THE CORONATION ROBES ON EXHIBITION.

On June 10 the public exhibition of the Coronation Robes and replicas of the Regalia was opened to the public at St. James's Palace. This exhibition was to continue until July 14, every day except Sundays, and was to be open from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m. The exhibition is staged in the Tapestry Room, Queen Anne's Drawing Room, the Entrée Room and the Throne Room. The finest display is in the Throne Room, where under the Canopy borne by the four Knights of the Garter during the ceremony of the Anointing, stand the Pallium Regale, the superb Imperial Mantle, first made for George IV.—of cloth-of-gold woven with emblems of rose, thistle, shamrock, eagle and others in coloured silks; and the cloth-of-gold Supertunica (made for King George VI. and assumed by the Queen after the Anointing and before the Crowning). The magnificent Purple Robe of State was designed and made by the Royal School of Needlework. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has lent her Coronation Robe and dress for the exhibition. The Regalia replicas exhibited are those used at the Coronation rehearsal.



NOW EXHIBITED TO THE PUBLIC: THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBES; (LEFT) THE SUPERTUNICA AND (RIGHT) THE PALLIUM REGALE. (ABOVE) THE GOLD AND SILVER CANOPY.



THE PURPLE ROBE OF STATE WORN BY THE QUEEN—WITH ITS DESIGN OF CORN AND OLIVE LEAVES. (RIGHT) THE ROBE AND CORONET OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



RUNNING FROM THE PEOPLE'S POLICE IN THE POTSDAMER PLATZ: DEMONSTRATORS SCATTERING WHEN SHOTS WERE FIRED DURING THE RIOTING ON JUNE 17.



A CITY IN REVOLT: EAST BERLIN RIOTERS IN THE POTSDAMER PLATZ WHERE SEVERAL VOLLEYS OF SHOTS WERE FIRED TO PREVENT A MASS DEMONSTRATION.

WHEN it became clear that the People's Police were powerless to control the rioting East Berliners, the Russian Garrison Commander, Major-General Dibrova, sent Russian tanks into action against the demonstrators on June 17 and declared martial law, with a curfew from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. Shots were fired on several occasions to break up the crowds, and casualties were heavy. In the early stages of the rioting Russian troops merely looked on, but when it became apparent that the force of 10,000 People's Police was unable to handle the situation they intervened and restored order. On June 20 it was reported that though the Russian military had got the upper hand in Berlin, at Ave 100,000 miners had gone on strike at the uranium mines and had begun destroying the shafts and flooding the mines. At Halle it was reported that the workers had set on fire the Leuna synthetic petrol plant and there was rioting at Magdeburg, Saalfeld, Gera, Stralsund and Goerlitz. In response to an Allied protest regarding the state of siege and the closing of the sector frontier, General Dibrova declared that the responsibility for the riots lay with "West Berlin agents who had crossed into East Berlin."



CLEARING THE STREETS IN EAST BERLIN ON JUNE 17: A SQUADRON OF RUSSIAN T-34 TANKS PRESSING THE WORKERS BACK ON TO THE PAVEMENTS IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AREA AFTER MARTIAL LAW HAD BEEN DECLARED.



BOMBARDING RUSSIAN TANK CREWS WITH BRICKS: GERMAN YOUTHS CHALLENGE THE GOLIATH OF SOVIET MILITARY MIGHT IN EAST BERLIN ON JUNE 17.



RIDING ON TOP OF A TANK TO GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS: MAJOR-GENERAL DIBROVA, COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN GARRISON IN EAST BERLIN, LAUGHING AT DEMONSTRATORS.

THE EAST BERLIN RIOTS: RUSSIAN MILITARY INTERVENTION ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS.



SACKED AND SET ON FIRE BY THE EAST BERLIN STRIKERS: COLUMBUS HOUSE, USED AS A SOVIET SECTOR WAREHOUSE, BURNING ON JUNE 17.



WATCHING A COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA BOOTH GO UP IN FLAMES: WEST SECTOR BERLINERS CROWDING THE BOUNDARY LINE TO ENCOURAGE THE RIOTERS IN EAST BERLIN.



HAULING DOWN THE RED FLAG WHICH HAS FLOWN OVER THE BRANDENBURG GATE SINCE 1945: TWO DEMONSTRATORS REMOVING THE SYMBOL OF RUSSIAN DOMINATION.



THROWING OUT THEIR UNIFORMS TO THE CROWD BELOW AS A SIGN OF SURRENDER: EAST GERMAN POLICE BESIEGED IN A STATE-OWNED DEPARTMENT STORE.

THE RIOTS IN EAST BERLIN: DEMONSTRATIONS DIRECTED AGAINST THE EAST GERMAN COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT.

At 1 p.m. on June 16 about 2500 East German building workers engaged on the Stalinallee housing project laid down their tools and marched to the Government offices in the Leipzigerstrasse to protest against the new work "norms" introduced this month whereby the workers are required to do 10 per cent. more work for the same wages or suffer a 10 per cent. reduction in wages. The strikers were joined by large numbers of East Berliners, and when Herr Selbmann, Minister for Reconstruction, came down into the street and attempted to address the

crowd he was greeted with shouts of "We are not only against norm increases—we want freedom!" The demonstration broke up, but groups of workers could be seen up to a late hour arguing with party representatives sent into the streets to pacify them. After dark the demonstrators banded together and became more violent, and there was a clash between these men and a Communist youth formation in Unter den Linden. On June 17 rioting became widespread and the Russian City Commandant had to intervene.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE"; By BERNARD DEVOTO.*

M. R. BERNARD DEVOTO, who has already made his mark as a chronicler of the North American past, has now, after years of laborious research, thoroughly well attested in text and notes, written a compendious history of the gradual exploration of, and permeation by, the white man of most of the vast area which is now comprised by the United States. I say "most of," for he rightly regards it as unnecessary to describe once more the settlement of the eastern seaboard, or even, except briefly, the maritime contacts with the Pacific coast. The main part of his book opens with a white fringe around the continent, held by French, British and Spaniards, all of them numbering amongst themselves men with the unconquerable itch for discovery, and all of them having behind them Governments or trading concerns eager for power or loot or both. They all wished to open up the central lands; but they were all also dominated by the desire to find a passage—which for centuries was expected to be a waterway—between the known eastern and western parts. As, in the end, the first transit of the continent made between Mexico and Alberta was the heroic journey of Lewis and Clark in 1805, and they were citizens of the new Republic, the title is justified. That is the direction from which the last unveiling came.

It is a leviathan of a book; not one, for all its excellence, which most people would feel inclined to read consecutively through without a periodical respite. It could be split up into several smaller books, each telling the story of how various nations with holds on the coasts threw tentacles out in the endeavour to discover the nature and size of the continent; and Mr. DeVoto has so packed his work with facts that I think it is likelier to be used as a book of reference than as a book for current reading. But, in spite of its congestion of information, it tells a fascinating story. For centuries, until the practical Yankees made the traverse, the explorers were all impelled by dreams and delusions; but under the spell of those things they found things out.

One dream was the dream of the North-West Passage to China and India: not the hyperborean route which was ultimately found, but one cutting across the middle of the continent. The early explorers conceived of North America as much narrower than it was, and the distance to China as much less than it was; and wishful thinking, added to Indian reports—or, rather, legends—made them sure that the passage they desired simply must exist. The Great Lakes might well lead to a western waterway: besides that, a natural craving for symmetry demanded that the great St. Lawrence River running west, the Mississippi running south, and the Colorado running south-west, should be balanced by another stream pouring due west into the Pacific. Even as late as 1778, Jonathan Carver (of whom a compatriot wrote that he "Gave a good a Count of the Small Part of the Western Countrey he saw But when he a Leudes to Hearsase he flies from facts in two Maney Instances") published a map showing a broad passage, quite mythical, running from Hudson's Bay, and a nodal point half-way across the continent, with great rivers flowing away in all directions from it. Just as powerful, especially with the Spaniards, were the delusions about undiscovered tribes of a high civilisation, usually reported to be of white extraction. To the Spaniards, fresh from the tremendous loot of Peru, these peoples tended to inhabit great stone cities.

packed with treasure. Guzmán, in the 1530's, went out "to find the Amazons, which some say dwell in the Sea, some in an arme of the Sea, and that they are rich, and accounted of the people for Goddesses, and whiter than other women." He had heard of seven cities in which the streets were lined with shops of smiths who worked the precious metals. Coronado's expedition to the Pueblo Indians (who are "still a people") did find them rich in corn and beans "but they had expected rooms corded nine feet deep with gold and emeralds." In the early eighteenth century Frenchmen were still after an Eldorado on the Upper Missouri. De Bourgmond was said to be about to open trade with a populous nation. "They were little men with big eyes set an inch out from the nose. They dressed like Europeans and wore boots studded

four months among them preaching the Gospel in Welsh." The legend was going strong when Lewis and Clark made their journey; believers explained that those explorers missed them by taking a wrong fork. And in our own time: "In August 1947 the Associated Press carried a story saying that the Kutenai Indians of British Columbia had been identified as descendants of the Madoc colony. In 1950, the Lookout Publishing Company of Chattanooga published Zella Armstrong's 'Who Discovered America? The Amazing Story of Madoc,' which faithfully repeats all the familiar details as historically true."

None of the explorers found their Welsh Indians—there is a Welsh-speaking colony on the coast of South America, but that is nineteenth century, so not at all the same thing—but they met immense variety of other Indians, some gentle, some including the Iroquois (whom we used against the French and their Indians) revoltingly cruel. Mr. DeVoto justifiably prides himself on giving the Indians due prominence in his narrative. "A dismaying amount of our history," he says, "has been written without regard to the Indians, and of what has been written with regard to them much treats their diverse and always changing societies as uniform and static. Indian history has, as it were, fallen between two specialities. Anthropologists have preferred archaeological and ethnological inquiries to historical ones; in most of their treatises 'the period of white contact' is likely to be the one most perfunctorily explored. Moreover, in such historical inquiries as they make, they tend to overvalue Indian traditions, which are among the least trustworthy of human records. Historians are wary because the records are scanty, very often unreliable, and sometimes non-existent, and

the axiom that without documents there can be no history yields but reluctantly to the other axiom that when documents are lacking history must find other instruments to use. But also, I believe, there is some inherent tendency to write American history as if it were a function of white culture only. My narrative has had to deal with Indians throughout. One force which it has had especially to keep in mind is the movements of the tribes, especially the migrations that resulted from the pressure of other tribes and of white men. At every stage of the white man's experience I have tried to make clear to the reader which tribes affected it, how they did, just where they were, and what their experience was."

Perhaps things might have been a little different had Columbus not looked for, and thought he had found, India. The Red Indians would then have been called Americans and another name found for the white immigrants. But even tribally the Indians have not been very lucky in regard to nomenclature. The Apaches, the Navahoes, the Algonquins retain, in our tongue, their own resounding names. But not so fortunate are those who, because of totems or symbolic tribal gestures, have been immortalised as Blackfeet and Crows, to say nothing of Flatheads and Big Bellies. Names such as these dispel romance at sight; how far could Fenimore Cooper have succeeded with "The Last of the Big Bellies" or "The Last of the Flatheads"?

Mr. DeVoto seizes what chances he gets of jibing at Englishmen, even Wolfe; unless, of course, they rebelled against their King. However, we are used to it: and we shall put his book in all our libraries.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1104 of this issue.



EARLY IDEAS OF NORTH AMERICA: VERRAZANO'S "MAP-IMAGE OF NORTH AMERICA WHICH IS ROUGHLY LIKE A PAIR OF KIDNEYS LINED UP NORTH-EAST—SOUTH-WEST. THE NORTH-EAST LOBE CONTAINS (IN MODERN TERMS) THE MIDDLE UNITED STATES, NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA, AND ON SOME MAPS IT IS ATTACHED TO EUROPE. THE SOUTH-WEST LOBE IS FLORIDA AND MEXICO AND AT FIRST IT STRETCHES ALL THE WAY TO INDIA."

Maps by Erwin Raisz, reproduced from the book "Westward the Course of Empire"; by courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.



THE SPANISH ENTRANCES INTO NORTH AMERICA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Mr. Bernard DeVoto's "leviathan of a book" about the exploration of North America starts in the early sixteenth century with Cortés and the other Spanish explorers. Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, was born in 1485; in 1536 he discovered the peninsula of lower California and surveyed part of the gulf between it and Mexico. De Soto, who played a prominent part in the conquest of the Inca kingdom, sailed from San Lucar in 1538 and first went to Havana; starting thence on May 12, 1539, he landed in the same month in Espiritu Santo bay, on the west coast of the present State of Florida. He spent nearly four years, until his death while returning along the Mississippi in 1542, in a search for gold.

with gold. They lived beside a large lake . . . devoted themselves to fine workmanship, and had much gold and many rubies. . . . The Crees said that they lived in fortified towns beside the Western Sea and added that they were white men and wore beards."

The strangest and most persistent myth (in our own day Colonel Fawcett vanished in South America in pursuit of one more of these mirages) was that of a tribe of Welsh Indians! It originated with the legend of Prince Madoc, whom the Elizabethans believed to have discovered America in 1170 and founded a colony there. Hakluyt declared, on the strength of it, that "it is manifest that that countrey was by Britaines discovered long before Columbus led any Spanyards thither," and Mr. DeVoto says: "In the United States it became our most elaborate historical myth and exercised a direct influence on our history." A story published in 1704 "told how a Welsh parson, *en route* from Carolina to Virginia was captured by Indians who had white skins and spoke Welsh, and how to their great joy he spent

ROYAL PLEASURE AT A ROYAL WIN: THE QUEEN'S HUNT CUP VICTORY.



EVERY FACE IN THE ROYAL BOX WREATHED IN HAPPY SMILES: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE QUEEN (L. TO R.; IN FRONT), AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY, REGISTERING DELIGHT AS THEY SEE HER MAJESTY'S COLT *CHOIR BOY* WIN THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.



AFTER THE RACE: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH HER MAJESTY'S *CHOIR BOY* (*HYPERION—CHORAL*) WHICH, WITH D. SMITH UP, WON THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

Choir Boy (*Hyperion—Choral*) carried the Royal colours to victory in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot on June 17 amid scenes of immense enthusiasm. The shouting began some three furlongs from home and grew in volume when it became certain that her Majesty's Sandringham-bred colt, ridden by D. Smith, had won the race from Lord Durham's *Brunetto*, with Gordon Richards up; and hats came off in traditional style as *Choir Boy* passed the post, two lengths ahead of *Brunetto*. Everyone was delighted, and her Majesty was obviously extremely

pleased with her victory; and her happiness was shared by the members of the Royal family, and guests in the Royal Box. Faces were wreathed in smiles. After the race the Queen, Princess Margaret and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother went to the unsaddling enclosure and saw *Choir Boy* led in, and her Majesty congratulated her trainer, Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort, and the jockey D. Smith, who had never before ridden a winner for her. She also spoke to the stable lad. *Choir Boy* started at 100 to 6.



WALKING THROUGH THE CROWDED PADDOCK BEFORE THE SECOND RACE ON GOLD CUP DAY: PRINCESS MARGARET, WEARING A CHERRY AND WHITE PRINT SILK DRESS AND A LARGE WHITE HAT, ON HER WAY TO INSPECT THE HORSES.



WALKING IN THE PADDOCK TO INSPECT THE HORSES AND CHAT WITH OWNERS AND TRAINERS: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND FOLLOWED BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

As if to make amends for the bad weather on the two previous days of the Royal Ascot meeting, Gold Cup day, on June 18, was a day of sunshine and summer fashions. The Royal party drove down the course in the traditional manner, her Majesty waving to acknowledge the cheers from the thousands of spectators on the course. After the first race Princess Margaret went to the paddock to inspect the horses, and later took tea in Buck's Club marquee. H.M. the Queen,

THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT ASCOT: SCENES ON GOLD CUP DAY.



WATCHING THE FINISH OF THE GOLD CUP RACE ON JUNE 18 FROM THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL BOX: (FROM L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, H.M. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



EXAMINING THE GOLD CUP TROPHY IN THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS FROM THE SPECTATORS OF THE TRADITIONAL CARRIAGE PROCESSION ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING TO THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.

accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family, also visited the paddock before the Gold Cup race to inspect the horses and chat with owners and trainers, and later watched the exciting finish of the race from the roof of the Royal Box. *Souepi*, ridden by C. Elliott, won in a photo-finish from the French colt *Aram*, with *Le Bourgeois* three lengths away, third. Mr. G. R. Digby, owner-trainer of *Souepi*, also won the Gold Cup in 1928 and 1929.



THE TRADITIONAL CARRIAGE PROCESSION UP THE COURSE AT THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING: H.M. THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ARRIVING ON GOLD CUP DAY.



AT ROYAL ASCOT: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, MASTER OF THE HORSE, DRIVING TO THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGE PROCESSION AT ASCOT ON GOLD CUP DAY: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL ON JUNE 18.

On Gold Cup Day at Ascot, June 18, her Majesty the Queen drove to the Royal Enclosure in the traditional carriage procession up the course. The open carriages were preceded by outriders and driven by postillions in richly-embroidered livery. In the first carriage were the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse; in the second, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Devonshire and

Lord Lansdowne. The Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester drove in the third carriage. As on the opening day, the procession did not enter by the Golden Gates, but drove on to the course at the four-furlong mark because of the wet ground and passed between the cheering crowds lining the rails to the Royal Enclosure. On the second day the Royal procession was cancelled and her Majesty arrived by car at the portico in the rear of the Royal Box.

THE enforced leisure of illness lately induced reminiscence, which included comparing and contrasting the Army officer of the present and the Army officer I knew some forty years ago. It was no more than a generalised appreciation. I do not believe there was a standard type of officer in my youth, and I am sure that this is, if possible, even less the case now. I have known men who thought of nothing outside their profession, and others whose profession took up but a small space in their minds. I have known men with major outside interests such as sport, games, music, ornithology, travel and reading. What must, however, exist in any military community is a form of communal spirit, based upon antecedents, training, surroundings and manner of life. Here change may be expected to be unceasing, though it may be slow. Without doubt a considerable change is to be seen in this respect as between the officers of forty years ago and those of to-day. The great social changes of the period could not fail to affect military officers as well as all other people.

I find it a common error in the young and among foreigners to suppose that the "cool shade of aristocracy," under which, according to Napier, the British soldier fought in the Napoleonic wars—while French generals, and even some marshals, were rising from the ranks—still overhung the Army which went to war in 1914. Two most notable figures of that war who died as Field Marshals were Byng, who was the younger son of a peer, and Cavan, who was a peer himself. Yet they do not prove me wrong. There was an aristocratic element in the Army then. There is one still, and its continuance is desirable. I recall that an extremely able military historian of one of the Dominions sent his draft chapters to my old chief, Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds, for his comments. One passage made allusion to the pre-war Army as having been the province of the aristocracy. Sir James Edmonds retorted that, far from this having been so, that Army was in fact "run by a group of middle-class officers who called each other by their Christian names." I may add that in those more formal times, Christian names were less banded about than now. A title brought one nowhere. That great fighting soldier Lord Cavan was allowed to retire before the war and would have seen no further service had it not occurred. The Christian name was the charm. For those of my generation I need not translate Archy, Henry, Alec, Hubert and Johnnie—for the younger I do so as Murray, Wilson, Godley, Hubert and John Gough.

It should also be realised that, as the result of jolts received in the South African War and other influences, the emphasis on the importance of staff training was increased and a larger supply of trained staff officers was made available. Yet the evidence given me by two outstanding young staff officers of the First World War, the late Field Marshal Sir John Dill and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, is that the staff work of that war was as a rule less efficient than that of the Second. Undoubtedly the First was by far the more difficult kind of war to fight, but it would seem that the judgment must be allowed to stand even after that factor has been taken into account. Were I called upon for a reason, I should say that, while the later generation of staff officers worked no harder and took no greater care than their predecessors, they did apply more systematic and scientific methods to their planning. Every conceivable factor was balanced with extreme care. Fuller allowance was made for the "friction" on which Clausewitz expatiates. A higher proportion of the possible causes of accident was eliminated.

A prominent characteristic of young officers to-day, one not confined to those with staff training, is reliability. To them even a pleasure outing presents itself as a minor staff problem, and is amusingly treated as such. What a comfort for others to recall that Captain Jones has never been known to be late or unduly early, that if there is exceptional traffic on the road he will have allowed for it, that his car will be parked in the best place, and that he is about as likely to run out of petrol at an inconvenient moment

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE QUEEN'S COMMISSION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

as he is to arrive without his trousers! This is not the supreme military virtue; it may indeed contain its own danger if it induces a habit of mind which renders difficult action on the spur of the moment. In war occasions demanding quick reactions are common. The reliability may be found in preparedness and maintenance of equipment, but these situations call for something more. I think that if our training has a fault this lies in a caution which may induce undue deliberation.

Before the First World War education at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, had to be paid for, whereas in the combined institution this is free. At the same time the number of officers in proportion to the rank and file has increased. Officers are now drawn from a wider field and from schools which seldom or never turned them out, though the outstanding "Army schools" still produce the greatest number and stand, year after year, in the same order in respect of numbers commissioned. The result has been a greater diversity of social class, a change stimulated by the fact that no parental allowance is any longer necessary in the vast majority of regiments and corps. Yet it is considered desirable that such traditions of the mess as can conveniently and economically be retained

the best of such publications by reason of the interest of its material, its honesty, and the distinguished quality of the writing. I do not know that I have ever seen anything better of the kind. After a brief introduction, in which the emphasis is put on duty, but at the same time on the worth and interest of that duty, it develops into a series of sketches illustrating the work of different branches of the

Army. These are the Royal Armoured Corps, the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the Corps of Royal Engineers, the Royal Corps of Signals, the Infantry, the Royal Army Service Corps, the Royal Ordnance Corps, and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Other services are then summarised, with a complete list of all arms and services in the Regular Army.

These snapshots, as they are called, are in every case based upon the experience of junior officers. They are all concerned with active service in some form and are taken from the Second World War, from Korea, or from Malaya. What has interested me above all in them is that the great majority of the eight contain, in addition to a study of character, a thumbnail study in minor tactics, perhaps the most valuable of all forms of military writing, and one in which British military literature is unfortunately weak. The problem of the Royal Engineer officer in Italy is a little gem of its type and that of the Hussar with a troop of tanks on the Reno Canal in the same theatre of war almost as good. The Sapper's job as laid down was simplicity itself, to ferry a company of infantry across a river the far bank of which was not held by the enemy. Yet, as it proved, in its course he had to make two immediate decisions which were vital. First, he had to use half his troop, the

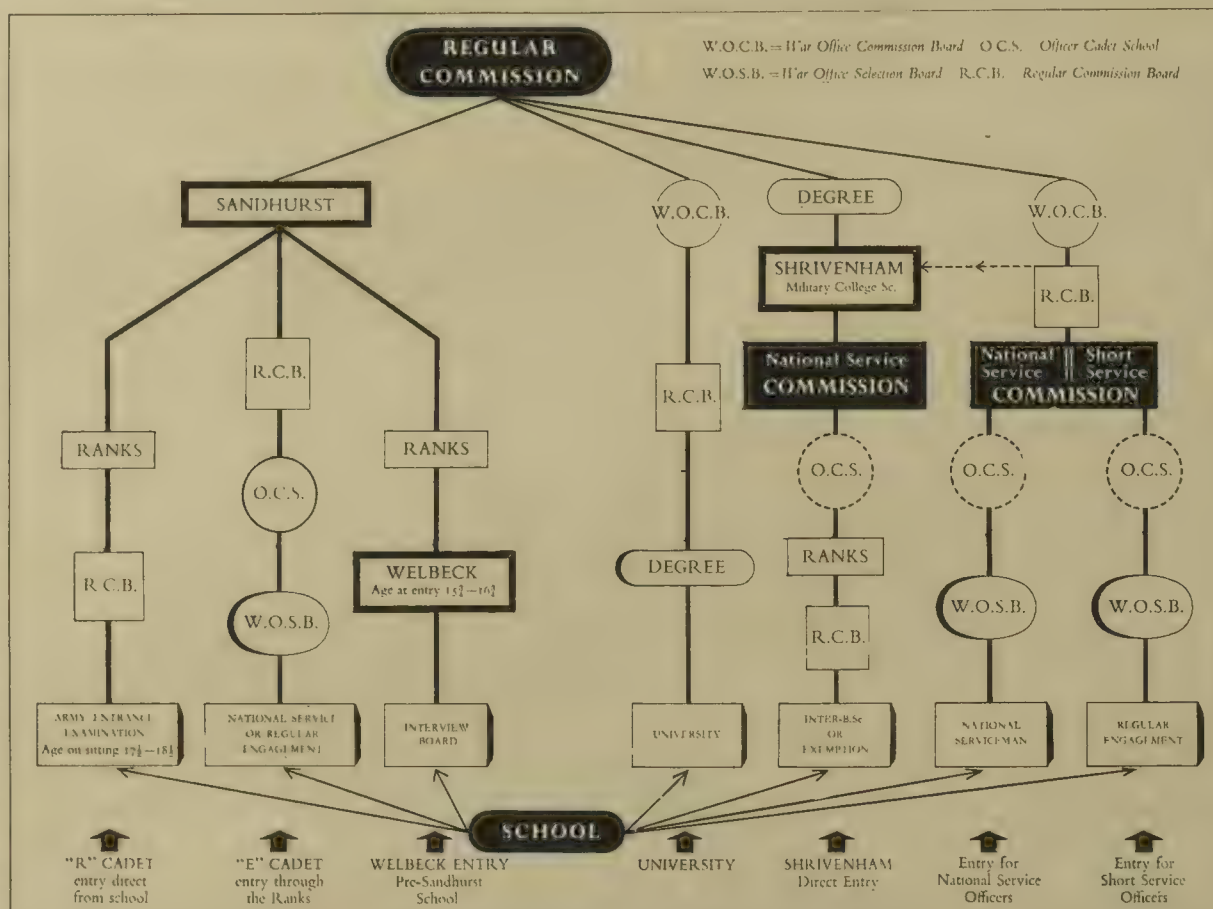
whole of which was none too big for the work, to form a bridge head because the infantry was late. Secondly, when a flare revealed his work he had instantly to slip his tows and run the rafts away with the current till the enemy's mortar "stonk" was over.

The experiences are, as I have remarked, all martial. A few words are included about pay and prospects, and it is pointed out that rewards are at least comparable to those of civilian careers; also that every type of skill and ambition is catered for. But the theme is that of duties and responsibilities, as I believe it should be. One might, of course, write at the same length on the relaxations of a military career, but they are not allowed any of the short space available here. The youth thinking first in terms of hours "on and off" is not likely to be attracted to a career where there are no hours off as a right and cannot be, even though in certain phases of it hours off are likely to be longer than in others. Here the invitation is to reflect whether this sort of prospect is one which appeals to the reader's taste. The booklet concludes with a chapter on "gateways."

Under this heading are Sandhurst, the Military College of Science at Shrivenham ("the Army's University") and Welbeck (the new school for preparation for entry to Sandhurst from the age of sixteen).

If it be true that some young men miss a career which would have proved satisfactory to them and in which they would have given satisfaction simply because they do not reflect upon it, a publication of this kind and quality may help to start reflection. It can do no more than that. It is brief, modest in its pretensions, and limited in its range. One does not launch out upon a career upon a pamphlet, but it may provide a starting-point for further enquiry and consideration. Pamphlets are a little out of fashion now, but they used to be potent and may still be so upon occasions. I feel sure that this is worth reading and pondering by those to whom it is addressed and those who are consulted by them. All the pamphlets which have established themselves have been works of literature in miniature. I have tried to give the impression that this comes into that category. This is the impression it has made on me, for what my opinion is worth.

* "The Queen's Commission." Prepared by the War Office and the Central Office of Information. Printed by H.M. Stationery Office.



THE GATEWAYS TO A REGULAR COMMISSION IN THE ARMY: A DIAGRAM FROM THE BOOKLET "THE QUEEN'S COMMISSION," WHICH CAPTAIN FALLS DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE.

In this interesting diagram, it may be noted that, of the seven ways to a Regular Commission shown, only one does not require service in the ranks. This is the commission from a University degree; and this exception underlines the Army's need for technically-educated officers. There are two other features in the diagram which also stress this: one is the already well-known Military College of Science at Shrivenham; the other is the less well-known Welbeck College. This last is the Army's latest specialised training establishment; and its object is to provide suitable candidates for training at Sandhurst for Regular Commissions in the Technical Corps of the Army. Boys enter Welbeck between 15½ and 16½ and remain there two years. It is intended primarily for boys who would otherwise have had to leave school at about the age of sixteen. No charge is made for board, lodging and tuition, but parents are required to contribute towards the cost of incidental expenses according to their financial circumstances, but this contribution will in no case exceed £90 a year. The military aspects of the course are small and the curriculum provides a general education with a technical and scientific basis.

should be. A reasonable amount of ceremony, indoors as well as outside, fosters regimental spirit and pride.

Under the present system the Army is recruiting and training a number of very fine young officers. The greater part of its intake is highly satisfactory. A certain proportion, however, is not up to the desired standard. The Army would like to have a wider choice. It is felt that many youths who would make good and contented officers do not realise that the young officer of to-day has, on the whole, more interesting personal responsibilities than his predecessor. I believe I have previously noted here that in almost all the Northern schools the possibility of a career as an officer seems to be unheard of. This is curious, because promotion is quicker than it has ever been in time of peace, and there never has been a period when the good name of the Army has brought so many fine appointments to senior officers outside their career and even after their retirement from it. After all the jokes about the Army, it is pleasant to notice how eager Governments and business are to catch generals of a certain type.

I have been looking sympathetically at a piece of pleading recently addressed by the Army to the schools. It is a 60-page pamphlet, well produced and illustrated, but far above the standard of even



SHOWING "FORGETFULNESS FOR LONG ENOUGH OF ITS MORE CRUEL MOODS": THE THEN-UNCONQUERED PEAK OF EVEREST PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SOUTH SUMMIT, 500 FT. BELOW, ON MAY 26.

On May 26 T. Bourdillon and R. C. Evans, using the new closed circuit oxygen apparatus, reached the South Summit, about 28,500 ft., only 500 ft. below the ultimate peak, and the highest point reached by any man on Everest up to that time. Although forced to return [Evans had had recurring trouble with his oxygen set] the climbers took this photograph of the then-unconquered Everest at about 1 p.m. before turning back to Camp VII. There have been seven previous British expeditions to Everest: a reconnaissance led by Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury in 1921; the first assault on the summit led by General C. G. Bruce in 1922, when G. I. Finch and Captain Geoffrey Bruce climbed to 27,300 ft.; an expedition in 1924 led by Colonel E. F. Norton, who climbed without oxygen to a height of 28,126 ft., and associated with the tragic

disappearance of Irvine and Mallory, who were last seen at about 28,000 ft.; an expedition in 1933 led by Hugh Ruttledge, during which F. S. Smythe, Wyn Harris and L. R. Wager reached a height of about 28,100 ft.; a second expedition led by Hugh Ruttledge in 1936, thwarted by bad weather; an expedition led by H. W. Tilman in 1938, stopped at 27,200 ft. by an early monsoon; and, finally, a reconnaissance expedition led by Eric Shipton in 1951 of the southern approach to Everest through the West Cwm. Last year the first non-British Everest expeditions, organised by Swiss mountaineers, made two attempts on the summit—in the first, Raymond Lambert and Tensing Bhutia reached an estimated height of 28,215 ft., while the second, led by Dr. Gabriel Chevalley, was unlucky in the weather.

(Photograph and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")



MEN WHO EARNED COLONEL HUNT'S HIGH PRAISE FOR THEIR COURAGE, CHEERFULNESS AND SKILL: TWO SHERPAS, SEEN ON THE APPROACH TO SOUTH COL.



LOOKING DOWN THE SOUTH COL TOWARDS THE CWM: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ATTEMPT BY T. BOURDILLON AND R. C. EVANS, THE IMPORTANCE OF WHICH MUST NOT BE OVERLOOKED.



WITH SUPPLIES OF OXYGEN CYLINDERS IN THE FOREGROUND, HELD IN READINESS FOR THE ASSAULT PARTIES: A HIGH-ALTITUDE CAMP MADE BY SUPPORT PARTIES ON THE SOUTH COL.



WEARING THE CLOSED CIRCUIT OXYGEN OUTFIT: BOURDILLON AND EVANS RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER THEIR ASSAULT ON MAY 26.

A BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT OVERSHADOWED BY THE FINAL VICTORY: BOURDILLON AND EVANS'S ASSAULT ON SOUTH SUMMIT.

The achievement of Mr. T. D. Bourdillon and Mr. R. C. Evans (who formed the British Everest Expedition's first assault team) in reaching South Summit on May 26, must not be underestimated, although it has been overshadowed by the final victory. The climbers used the new closed circuit oxygen equipment (the principle of which was illustrated diagrammatically in our issue of June 13), still largely an unknown quantity, and their attempt was an advanced reconnaissance rather than a major assault. They climbed to South Col on May 24 with Colonel Hunt

and two Sherpas as support party. The climb across the Lhotse face was difficult; and the Sherpas became exhausted. Thus May 25 was spent on the Col. They left Camp VII. on May 26 at 7.30 a.m. Soon after one o'clock they were seen on South Summit; at three they were sighted at the head of the *coulloir* above South Col, and at 4.30 they returned to Camp VII., having climbed higher on Everest than any men before them. Their achievement was of great importance in the final pattern of the victorious assault.

(Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")



(ABOVE.)
BEFORE LEAVING
SOUTH COL TO ESTAB-
LISH CAMP VIII. ON
THE RIDGE BELOW
SOUTH SUMMIT: MR.
HILLARY AND AN
UNIDENTIFIED MEM-
BER OF THE SUPPORT
PARTY, SHOWING
EQUIPMENT, AND
PACKS WITH SPARE
OXYGEN CYLINDERS.

THE notable achievement of Mr. Bourdillon and Mr. Evans in climbing the South Summit of Everest on May 26 has perhaps received less attention than it deserves. It was of great assistance in planning the final assault, as not only did it provide knowledge of the final ridge between South Summit and Summit proper, but also proved that the immensely difficult ground between South Col and South Summit was, in fact, climbable. As noted elsewhere, the climbers used the closed circuit oxygen system. Bourdillon is its principal exponent; and Evans, although he had trouble with the outfit during the assault, was also impressed with its capabilities. Indeed, it carried these two able climbers to a higher point on Everest than had ever then been reached before; and to the fulfilment of their allotted task. The equipment of the expedition was most carefully planned and chosen; and fabrics for clothing had been tested for wind resistance and impermeability to water vapour.

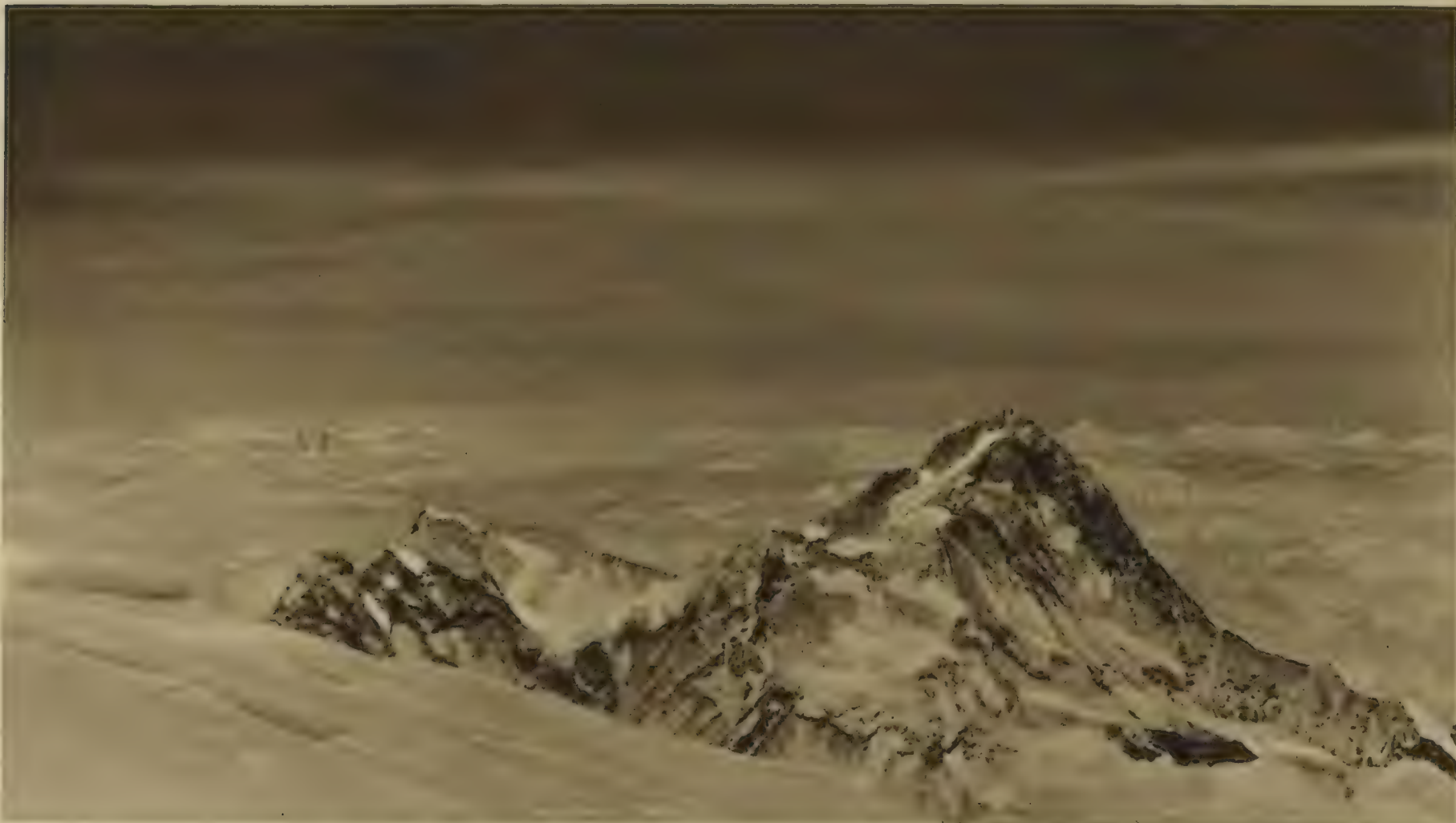


AFTER HAVING CLIMBED SOUTH SUMMIT, ABOUT 28,500 FT.: MR. T. D. BOURDILLON AND MR. R. C. EVANS ON THEIR RETURN TO CAMP VII. EXHAUSTED BY THEIR GREAT EFFORT, THEY ARE STILL WEARING THEIR OXYGEN EQUIPMENT.

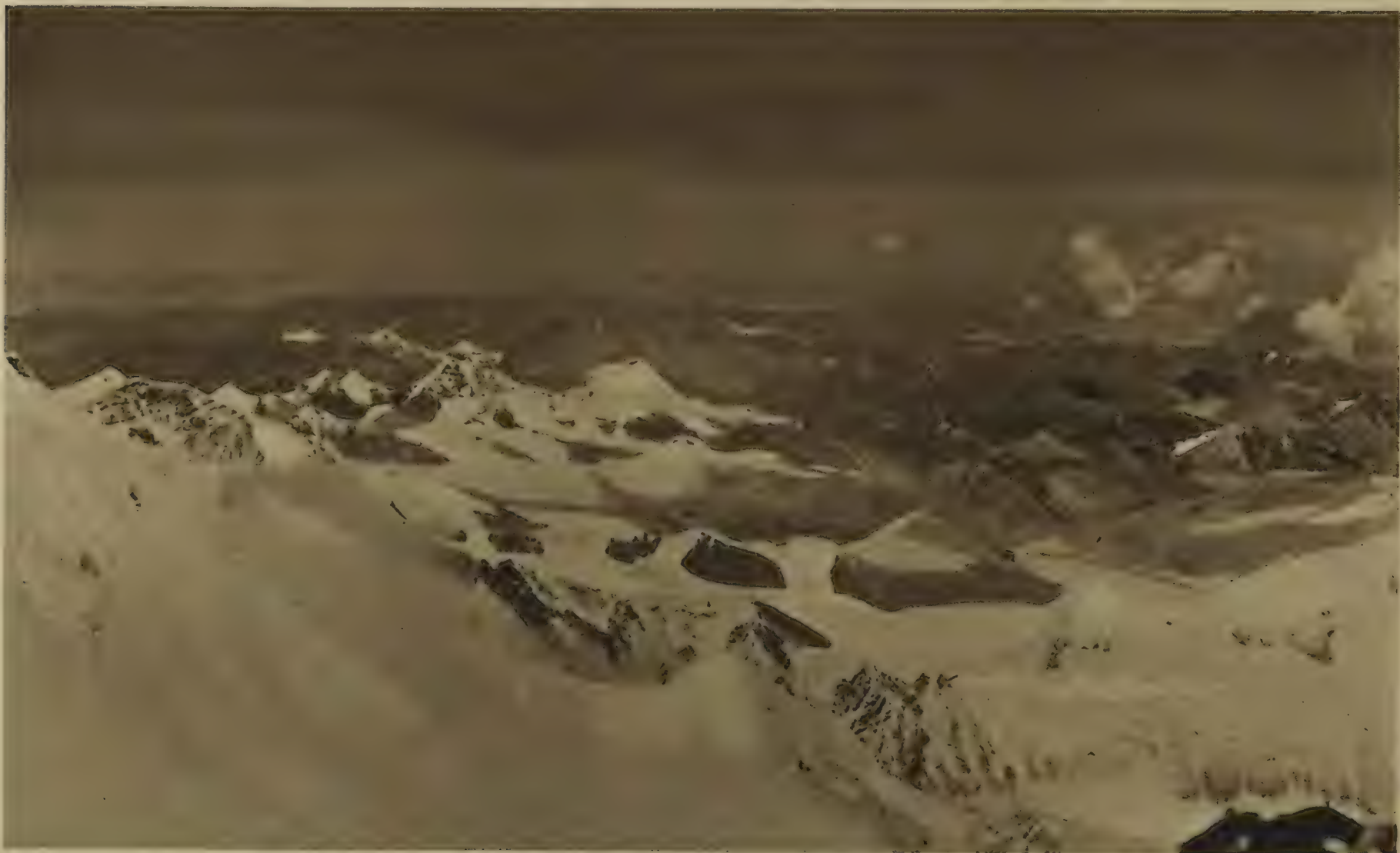
VIVID PROOF OF THE FORTITUDE OF THE CLIMBERS: HIGH-ALTITUDE EXHAUSTION, AND EVEREST ASSAULT EQUIPMENT.

(Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")

FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT EVEREST: VIEWS NEVER BEFORE BEHELD BY THE EYES OF MAN SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE SUCCESSFUL CLIMBERS ON THE VERY ROOF OF THE WORLD.



A VIEW NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY MAN: AN IMPOSING PEAK, ALMOST CERTAINLY MAKALU, AS SEEN BY HILLARY AND TENSING FROM THE TOP OF EVEREST.



"BELOW US THE COUNTRY WAS LIKE A MAP": A CONQUEROR'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY TAKEN BY HILLARY FROM THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST.

At half-past eleven on the morning of Friday, May 29, E. P. Hillary and the Sherpa Tensing reached the summit of Everest, the world's highest mountain. Hillary and Tensing had set out from Camp VIII., at 27,800 ft., at 6.30 a.m. that morning, and they reached the south peak of Everest after two-and-a-half-hours' climb. In describing the exploit Hillary said: "The final ridge was of high alpine standard and we finally got to the top at half-past eleven. . . . I felt damn good at the top. . . . It was a beautiful day with a moderate wind. As we got there my companion threw his arms round me and embraced me. I took photographs of Tensing holding a string of flags—those of the United Nations, Britain, Nepal and India. Below us the country was like a map—especially interesting to me, as I had climbed over most of it. The most impressive sight was Lhotse, followed

by Kinchinjunga, and we could see far out over Tibet. . . . We had a good look round before starting the descent. But the oxygen was running short, and we came down to the South Col in five hours." Tensing added: "We had a fine view from the summit of Everest over all the Himalaya and Tibet. We could see the northern route which expeditions used before the war. It was quite black—no snow, just rock." In an earlier account of the momentous quarter of an hour which he and Tensing spent on top of Everest, Hillary described the summit as "a symmetrical, beautiful snow cone summit." He said that Tensing spent the time eating mint cake and taking photographs, for which purpose he (Hillary) removed his oxygen mask without ill effects. Tensing, a devout Buddhist, laid on the ground in offering some sweets, bars of chocolate and packets of biscuits.

(Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")



ON THE VERY SUMMIT OF EVEREST : TENZING HOLDING ALOFT A STRING OF FLAGS, INCLUDING THE UNION FLAG OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE FLAG OF NEPAL, THE FLAG OF INDIA AND THAT OF THE UNITED NATIONS. A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HILLARY ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE WORLD : TENZING FLIES THE FLAGS OF BRITAIN ; NEPAL ; INDIA AND THE UNITED NATIONS.



THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN FROM THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST : HILLARY (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND TENSING (BEHIND HIM, RIGHT) ESCORTED OVER THE SUN-LIT WEST CWM INTO CAMP BY THEIR COMRADES.

On the afternoon of May 30, a little more than twenty-four hours after they had stood in triumph on the peak of Everest, Hillary and Tensing returned to Camp IV., in the West Cwm. "There was a sudden rush up the snow slope in the sunshine to meet the assault party. Hillary, looking extraordinarily fresh, raised his ice-axe in greeting. Tensing slipped sideways in the snow and smiled, and in a trice they were surrounded. . . . Hillary and Tensing seem in astonishingly good form,

with none of the desperate fatigue that has overcome Everest summit parties in the past." Later, however, Colonel Hunt made the point that in fact "all the climbers who went higher than the South Col were near the limit of exhaustion. Two days after the ascent Hillary was extremely tired and found the climb down through the ice-fall heavy going." And of the journey back to Namche Bazar Colonel Hunt said: "We were walking—and that is about all."

(Photograph and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")



"A BAND OF SHERPAS CAME DIFFIDENTLY FORWARD TO PAY TRIBUTE": THE SCENE WHEN HILLARY AND TENSING RETURNED TO CAMP IV. ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE SUMMIT AND RECEIVED THE CONGRATULATIONS OF OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.



ENJOYING ONE OF THE BEST-EARNED DRINKS IN THE WORLD: HILLARY (RIGHT) AND TENSING ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE TOP OF EVEREST.

THE FIRST CONGRATULATIONS BESTOWED ON THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST: SCENES IN CAMP.

The conquerors of Everest, Hillary and Tensing, returned to Camp IV. (22,000 ft.) from the South Col on the afternoon of May 30 in a blaze of sunshine and triumphant emotion, bringing their great news with them. In describing the scene at Camp IV., the Special Correspondent of *The Times* wrote: "Hillary and Tensing, by now old climbing colleagues, posed with arms interlocked, Hillary's face aglow but controlled, Tensing's split with a brilliant smile of pleasure. As the group moved down the hill into the camp

a band of Sherpas came diffidently forward to pay tribute to the greatest climber of them all. Like a modest monarch, Tensing received their greetings. . . . Suddenly, as if spontaneously, each climber, Hillary and Tensing the first of them, turned to Colonel Hunt, reflective in the background, and shook his hand in recognition of the truth that in a team venture of great happiness and success his has been the friendly hand which inexorably, as it seems, has led the expedition to success."

(Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MORE CHELSEA 1953.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Almost every cottage has a well-trained specimen on its wall facing on to the open street.

There was no missing Wheatcroft's roses in the great marquee. The firm seems to specialise in growing a high proportion of roses of such vivid colours, crimsons, crimson scarlets and passionate salmon scarlets, that they flame and glow with an intensity which gives them almost the appearance that they might be too hot to touch. But Wheatcroft's have their more subdued moments, as, for instance, with their famous rose "Peace," which is just creamily voluptuous, and the dainty, miniature, soft yellow "Josephine Wheatcroft." So richly colourful are the Wheatcroft exhibits of roses that they

tend to make all who approach feel slightly shabby—all, that is, except my fabulous friend Harry Wheatcroft himself, whose incredibly colourful shirts and ties and tweeds serve perhaps as a sort of protective colouring in the presence of his own exhibits.

The modern sophisticated roses appear to be born exhibitionists. No matter what gaudy neighbours they may have in the show tent, amaryllis, begonias, schizanthus, zinnias or cinerarias, the modern roses sit up looking as perky as you please, as self-possessed as so many show girls. Not so the charming, old-fashioned roses of long ago, the antiques which hap-

pily are now being collected and cultivated with so much enthusiasm. They, poor dears, somehow manage to look their very worst at a flower show.

Time after time I have seen even the most charming of them take on all the appearance, at the big shows, of jam-jar exhibits by village children at a village show. I feel very sure that others must have noticed this sad phenomenon. It is difficult to account for this gaucherie, for they are flowers of infinite charm and character. It may be—and I think it probably is—that they need to be arranged and exhibited with rather more sympathetic artistry than usual. Those bright young things, the modern roses, seem willing to show off in any company, any surroundings, and any vase. These antiques require each variety a vase to itself, and a well-chosen vase at that, and, in addition, very careful, simple, tactful arranging. Then the separate vases should be spaced well apart, and with some quite simple background or surround. Each variety, in fact, deserves and demands as

careful treatment as if it were being arranged for some very special position in the home.

The great Commonwealth exhibit, arranged in a special tent to itself, was extremely interesting, showing as it did typical representative plants from all countries of the Commonwealth; living, growing specimens grouped according to their country of origin, and in some cases, as with the South African Kuroo species, growing in a setting of rock and gravel such as they inhabit in the wild. Many of the plants had been specially sent from overseas, whilst others came from Kew and other botanic gardens, and the whole was most ably arranged by members of the Kew staff. Perhaps the most realistic and charming section of this Commonwealth exhibit was that representing Great Britain. This was a scrap of typical woodland, oak and birch, with a wild undergrowth of grass and wood-rush, bluebells, pink campion, yellow dead-nettle, wood spurge (*Euphorbia amygdaloides*) and the rest. Everything, in fact, except a nightingale in song. This little coppice was amazingly well done, a really charming piece of reproduction, carried out with masterly understanding, restraint and skill. It must have appealed especially to overseas visitors.

Thinking back over my two-day pre-view of Chelsea, I suddenly realise that one traditional item seems to have been missing, an item which I remember



"ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE, IMPORTANT AND PROMISING OF ALL THE NEW AND RARE PLANTS IN" THIS YEAR'S CHELSEA SHOW: THE BIGENERIC HYBRID, VENIDIO-ARCTOTIS "SUTTONS' TRIUMPH."

Venidio-arctotis "Suttons' Triumph," to give it its full and rather cumbersome name, is a bigeneric hybrid, with the two South Africans, *Venidium* and *Arctotis*, as parents. The history of this begetting is interesting, but too involved to give here. The important thing is that this seemingly unlikely union took place, and gave us a race of flowers of outstanding beauty. There were two bowls of the blossoms, and without doubt they will prove most valuable, both for cutting and for garden decoration. In general appearance they suggest gerberas, though the flowers are perhaps a trifle heavier in build, and wider in their ray petals. As to their colours, they utterly defeat me. The nearest I can get is to suggest endless gradations, shades and blendings on a mixed theme of old rose, tawny port, copper and light sherry.

Among the many good things in Messrs. Notcutt's group of trees and shrubs, I was particularly attracted by a good form of the Tree Pæony species, *P. delavayii*. In my own garden *delavayii* is proving an interesting and extremely handsome shrub. Planted as a youngster five or six years ago, it now stands 6 ft. tall, and almost as much through. The cupped blossoms are dark, almost maroon-crimson, only about 4 ins. across, but very numerous, and the foliage is extremely handsome. The form which I saw in Notcutt's exhibit had slightly larger flowers than mine, and they were of a lighter, and perhaps rather more attractive red. A good collection of the best garden varieties of lilac (*Syringa*), were finely shown on Notcutt's exhibit. The specimens were well spaced out, so that anyone wishing to make a selection was given every chance of judging them.

Having heard a good deal during the last couple of years about the new zonal pelargonium "Elizabeth Cartwright"—it received an Award of Merit, R.H.S. 1950—I was very glad to make its acquaintance on the Telston Nurseries' exhibit, and certainly it is a strikingly handsome variety. The great 2-in. flowers are deep red, rich and satisfying—the catalogue calls them carmine red. Pelargonium "Elizabeth Cartwright" was raised, I gather, at Aynhoe, the Oxfordshire village near my home, which I mentioned in a recent article as being famous for its apricots.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE FLOWERS OF THE NEW PLANT, VENIDIO-ARCTOTIS "SUTTONS' TRIUMPH." "IN GENERAL APPEARANCE THEY SUGGEST GERBERAS. . . . AS TO THEIR COLOURS, THEY UTTERLY DEFEAT ME. THE NEAREST I CAN GET IS TO SUGGEST ENDLESS GRADATIONS, SHADES AND BLENDINGS ON A MIXED THEME OF OLD ROSE, TAWNY PORT, COPPER AND LIGHT SHERRY."

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

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over a period of more than forty years as the best "bit of colour" in the Show: the grand old Chelsea Pensioners in their scarlet coats. I do not remember having seen a single one of them in the show-grounds. What can have happened, I wonder? Was it just by mischance that I saw none? Hardly. They have always been reasonably numerous, and no more easy to miss than the Wheatcroft roses. Odd.

THE MAN WHO, WITH HILLARY, CONQUERED "UNCONQUERABLE" EVEREST: TENSING, AT HIS HOME IN DARJEELING.



THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST IN HIS DARJEELING HOME: TENSING WITH HIS TIBETAN DOGS AND THEIR LITTER OF PUPS. THE DOG IS CALLED KHANGAR.



THE GREAT MOUNTAINEER AND HIS FAMILY: TENSING, AT HOME IN DARJEELING WITH HIS WIFE, ANGLAMU, AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, NIMA AND PEM-PEM—AND, WITH PRIDE IN EVERY HAIR, KHANGAR, THE TIBETAN DOG.



DARJEELING'S PRIDE IN ITS CITIZEN'S ACHIEVEMENT: THE SCENE ON JUNE 2 OUTSIDE A LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHOP WHERE PHOTOGRAPHS OF TENSING WERE BEING DISPLAYED.

THESE photographs of the Sherpa, Tensing Bhutia, who was Hillary's comrade when they conquered the hitherto unconquerable peak of Everest on May 29, were taken in Darjeeling, his present home. Tensing, whose name is variously given as Tensing Bhutia, Tensing Norkey and Bhutia Tensing Norkey (or Norkay), is a Sherpa, one of the hardy hillmen of Tibetan stock who live in the Khumbu district of north-east Nepal. He lives, however, now in Darjeeling, and both Nepal and India claim him as their national. He has taken part in seven Everest attempts: in 1935 with Mr. Eric Shipton; in 1936 with Mr. H. Rutledge; in 1938 with Mr. H. W. Tilman; in 1947, in an unofficial ascent with Mr. E. L. Denman; in the summer and autumn ascents of 1952 with the Swiss expedition when, with R. Lambert, he reached the record height of 28,215 ft.; and in this year's expedition when, with Mr. E. P. Hillary, he reached the summit. He is since reported to have said that seven Everest expeditions were enough. "Now I would like to go to K2 [Mount Godwin Austen, 28,250 ft., the world's second highest mountain, in the Karakoram Range]. For I think that can be climbed."

Concerning the Sherpas who have been indispensable comrades in any Everest attempt, *The Times* correspondent with the British Mount Everest Expedition 1953 wrote (before the triumph): "Many of the Sherpas who work with European expeditions are men who have settled in Darjeeling . . . who have long adapted themselves to the European and his ways. . . . Such a man is Tensing Bhutia who . . . is a man of some education . . . and is obviously one of Nature's gentlemen. He has an inborn ease and elegance that would cause a flutter in many a London drawing-room. In spite of his international fame, and although before the final assault he had climbed higher than any of the sahibs of the expedition, he throughout retained his modesty and was as willing

(Continued below.)



BEFORE THE EXPEDITION WHICH CONQUERED EVEREST: TENSING SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HIS WIFE IN DARJEELING.



"OBVIOUSLY AND INDISPUTABLY ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN" TENSING BHUTIA, THE CONQUEROR, WITH HILLARY, OF EVEREST, WEARING THE NEPALESE DECORATION, NEPAL-PRATAP-BARDHAK.

to help in the menial tasks of camp life as to share the fiercest dangers of Everest's summit." After the victory, the same correspondent reported: "Many organs of biased opinion in both India and Pakistan are now implying that this final victory was Tensing's alone—that he cut the route, blazed the trail and finally hauled Hillary up to the summit on a rope. Nothing could be further from the truth and nobody is less likely to make such extravagant claims than Tensing himself, a man of notable modesty. Tensing . . . was not employed as a guide, but as a sirdar. . . . Though at one stage in the final assault he and Hillary took it in turns to cut a route, it was the latter who led the rope to the summit. Tensing is a simple man of great courage and endurance." Nothing in this statement, it was pointed out, did "in the least detract from his skill as a climber nor from his superb achievement (also the fulfilment of a burning ambition) in reaching the top of Everest."

THE WIMBLEDON L.T.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS OF CORONATION YEAR:



(Above.) MISS A. MORTIMER (G.B.).
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.

(Left.) MRS. D. KNODE (formerly Miss D. Head)
(U.S.A.). Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



MISS M. CONNOLLY (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



MISS D. HART (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.



MISS S. FRY (U.S.A.).
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MISS H. M. FLETCHER (G.B.).
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



MRS. P. CHATRIER
(formerly Miss S. Partridge) (France).
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



MRS. N. ADAMSON (France).
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.

This year the Wimbledon authorities have seeded only eight players for the Men's Singles Championship, as against twelve players last year and ten in 1951. For the first time two eighteen-year-old players head the singles seedings lists. They are K. R. Rosewall, the Australian champion, and Miss M. Connolly, who holds the singles championships of Wimbledon, America, Australia and France. In the seedings for the men's singles title, J. Drobny, of Egypt, who was last

year's runner-up, has been dropped to No. 4 below the left-handed Australian, M. G. Rose. V. Seixas, of the United States, takes second place, and his compatriot, the American No. 1 player, G. Mulloy, takes fifth place. The Australian, L. A. Hoad, is seeded No. 6, followed by A. Larsen (U.S.A.) and E. Morea, of Argentina. Great Britain has two representatives in the women's singles, Miss A. Mortimer, the British covered court champion, who is ranked fifth, and

LEADING MEN AND WOMEN ASPIRANTS FOR THE SINGLES TITLES.



K. R. ROSEWALL (Australia).
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



(Above.) G. MULLOY (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



(Right.) J. DROBNY (Egypt).
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.



L. A. HOAD (Australia).
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



A. LARSEN (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



E. MOREA (Argentina).
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.



M. G. ROSE (Australia).
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.

Miss H. M. Fletcher, the Derbyshire left-hander, who is No. 6. At the top, Miss Connolly is followed by three other Americans: Miss D. Hart, a former holder, No. 2; Miss S. Fry, No. 3; and Mrs. D. Knodel, formerly Miss D. Head, No. 4. Mrs. P. Chatrier, of France, who was formerly Miss S. Partridge, is No. 7 and Mrs. N. Adamson, the French No. 1 player, No. 8. Hoed and Rosewall head the doubles seedings, and the holders, Miss Fry and Miss Hart, are No. 1 in the

women's doubles. Maureen Connolly, a pupil of Miss Eleanor ("Teach") Tennant, is one of the most hard-working women in the game. Writing in the *Lawn Tennis Annual and Almanack*, she says: "I practise three or four hours a day for five or six days a week. . . . While I believe in a lot of practice, I am careful to avoid getting stale. I take off at least one day a week from tennis and then stop entirely for a couple of months during the winter . . ."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE ROBBER-CRAB EXONERATED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

AS the result of a chance enquiry I have been looking into the habits of the robber-crab, of the islands of the Indian Ocean and south-east Pacific. The first detailed description and account were given by Rumphius in 1705, who described it as ascending the coconut-palms to nip off the nuts, throwing them to the ground and later descending the tree to feed on the kernels after biting the nuts open with its claws. It was because of this that Linnæus, in 1769, named it *Birgus latro* (*latro*=robber). Darwin, in his narrative of the voyage of the *Beagle*, in 1845, accepted the part about the crab opening and eating coconuts, but doubted if it could climb trees. But Rumphius' story has been repeated, so far as I can see, in every text-book of zoology and every natural-history book since Darwin's time; and there seemed no reason to doubt it.

My first step was to write to several friends living in places where the robber-crab is found, but none could offer me first-hand information. So there remained nothing but to search the literature. From this it seems that the robber-crab will climb trees, although it has difficulty in descending, and usually solves the problem by falling to the ground; and that it does not open coconuts, although it will eat the kernels if they are made available to it. For this information, which is contrary to accepted opinion, we are indebted to a Dutch naturalist, Reyne, who was the first to go fully into the matter and who, in 1939, published his findings, which were substantiated ten years later by Gibson-Hill.

The belief that the crab could open coconuts seems to have arisen from a variety of causes. In the first place, the crab is eaten, and to obtain the best results for the table, it is fattened in captivity on coconut kernels. Secondly, it has probably been observed in the wild state eating coconuts, but both Reyne and Gibson-Hill are convinced that these would be nuts that had fallen from the palms and split on contact with the ground. Thirdly, rats are known to gnaw holes in the shells of coconuts lying on the ground and we may assume that the crab would be quite ready to finish off the rat's leavings. There is, however, no evidence that the crabs themselves have broken open the shells. On the contrary, Reyne found that robber-crabs kept in captivity for long periods with an ample supply of coconuts would starve to death without making any attempt to tap the abundant supply of food they contained. This is a direct contradiction of the categorical statement by some writers that robber-crabs from regions where coconuts occur naturally will starve rather than take other food.

Those who have repeated the robber-crab story can hardly be blamed, for, lacking opportunities for first-hand observation, they must have found the circumstantial accounts of how the crabs opened the coconuts most convincing. Moreover, these were often given by leading zoologists, some of whom had visited the areas where the crabs abound. We have Darwin's account, for example: "The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which these eye-holes are situated; when this is completed the crab commences by hammering with its heavy claws on one of the eye-holes till an opening is made. Then, turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior and narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance." But Darwin took this story on trust from someone else.

Reynaud, writing in 1856 of the robber-crabs of Diego Garcia, described how, after first tearing off the husk, they push one of the fingers of the large claw into the germinating eye and, moving it as a lever, break a hole in the shell. Then, grasping the edge of this hole with the pincers, they break away the shell piece by piece until the kernel can be extracted. From the same islands, Stanley Gardiner, writing in 1907, describes how the crab secures itself by its hinder legs to the rock, and holding the nut in one claw, strips the husk with the other. Then it bites at the

shell in one place until it breaks through and, chip by chip, enlarges the hole. An earlier account by Forbes sounded even more remarkable, yet it was accepted and copied by Harms, who has written us the most

complete monograph on the species. This was that the crab pierced a germination eye-hole with one of its walking legs and, rotating the nut, used the leg as a kind of gimlet, thus enlarging the hole until it was able to push a claw in to break the shell.

Other stories tell how the crab grips the nut at the eye-hole and beats it against a rock until it splits; and of crabs climbing trees and throwing the nuts on to a rock below to split them. We may believe in a variability in the behaviour of crabs in general. We may even believe in the intelligent behaviour of crabs—or not, according to taste—but the lack of uniformity in these accounts suggests more that nobody took the trouble to investigate at first-hand until Reyne and Gibson-Hill did so.

Another piece of circumstantial evidence lay in the strength of a robber-crab. Waldo L. Schmitt tells of a Professor Wolf who had the handle of his insect-collecting net seized by one of the crabs. Since he could not wrench the handle from the crustacean's grasp, he placed stones to the weight of 5½ lb. in the net, leaving the crab suspended from the handle by its claw. For a full hour it showed no sign of fatigue, and it was some hours before it let go. More significant is his account of another crab, in captivity, which escaped one night by cutting a hole through a 1½-in. wooden plank forming part of the wall of its enclosure. Even the European shore-crab can support a weight of nearly 2 kg. with its claw, the equivalent of thirty times its own body weight. The human hand is capable of supporting little more than two-thirds of the body weight, which makes the crab's claw, on a direct comparison, more than forty times as strong as a man's hand. If, therefore, a robber-crab does not open coconuts, we can only suppose it does not know its own strength.

The robber-crab is a lineal descendant of the hermit-crabs found on the shore or taken in lobster-pots. We knew very little about what they eat until Orton, in 1927, at Plymouth, decided to look into the matter. He found that they subsisted mainly on minute organisms, especially diatoms, sifted out of the mud, a somewhat

inglorious way of using such powerful claws. They also take a certain amount of flesh, usually in the form of carrion, but even then there is no flashing display of strength from the claws. Orton tested their performance against that of other crabs. He found that the shore crab and the velvet swimming-crab would eat a certain quantity of squid meat in 4 to 11 minutes. A large hermit-crab could only nibble the meat in small pieces at a time, and at the end of an hour and a quarter still had a third of its rations left. Evidence based on trials of strength, in escape and in grasping the handle of a net, would seem therefore to be deceptive when applied to feeding behaviour.

Finally, we may ask why robber-crabs should climb trees if they have difficulty in getting down again, or if they are not going up for the nuts. The earliest reference to this crab is by an Arab merchant who, writing in the ninth century, said, not that it steals coconuts, but that it climbs the coconut-palms to drink the sap or the water accumulated in the leaves. It is difficult to improve on this explanation with the information so far available to us, and the fact that Reyne found a robber-crab could fall more than 15 ft. without injury makes it feasible that this is a normal method of quenching a thirst. Gibson-Hill also found that they were fond of the fruit *Arenga listeri* "and if one crab is at the top of the tree feeding, a number of others soon collect underneath for the berries which fall down." He also found that they would de-husk coconuts but not break them open, and that their food was berries and fruits, the pith of certain trees, carrion, even their injured fellows. In fact, anything edible—and coconuts if they were already cracked open.



SHOWING VARIOUS ROBBER-CRABS ON THE GROUND AND ONE (INDICATED BY AN ARROW) DESCENDING THE TRUNK OF A TREE: ONE OF THE VERY FEW, IF NOT ONLY, PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF A ROBBER-CRAB CLIMBING A TREE.

This photograph was taken by Mr. C. W. Andrews among the palm-trees on Christmas Island, Indian Ocean, and shows a robber-crab descending the trunk of a tree. Robber-crabs climb trees to reach the fruits, possibly also for the water accumulated in the leaves, but not to steal coconuts.



COLOURED IN RED AND BROWN WITH BLUE MARKINGS, MEASURING 18 INS. LONG AND WEIGHING 5 TO 6 LB.: THE ROBBER-CRAB (*BIRGUS LATRO*), FOUND ON MANY ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDIAN OCEAN AND OF THE SOUTH-EAST PACIFIC—A TERRESTRIAL RELATIVE OF THE MARINE HERMIT CRABS, IT IS SAID TO BE POWERFUL, BUT THE STORY THAT IT BREAKS OPEN COCONUTS SEEMS TO BE UNTRUE.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD.

Died on June 16, aged eighty. The first woman member of the Cabinet and the first woman Privy Counsellor; she was Minister of Labour from 1929 to 1931. Her parliamentary career covered only six years in all, and she was primarily a trade unionist rather than a politician. She was the first woman to be chairman of the General Council of the T.U.C.



IN HER KETCH FELICITY ANN ON HER ARRIVAL AT NASSAU ON MAY 22: MRS. ANN DAVISON, THE ENGLISHWOMAN WHO SAILED THE ATLANTIC ALONE.

Mrs. Ann Davison, the thirty-nine-year-old Englishwoman from Gloucestershire who sailed the Atlantic alone in 254 days, can be seen in our photograph standing in her 23-ft. ketch *Felicity Ann*, on her arrival at Nassau, Bahamas, on May 22. She sailed from St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, for Nassau, on April 20. Mrs. Davison sailed from Plymouth on May 18, 1952, and arrived safely at Portsmouth, Dominica, West Indies, in January this year, the first woman to make a solo crossing of the Atlantic.



ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER C. G. MADDEN.

To be C-in-C., Plymouth, in succession to Admiral Sir Maurice J. Mansergh, to take effect in November 1953. Admiral Madden, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel since 1950, is fifty-eight years of age, and entered the Royal Navy in 1908. Between the wars he served in the battleships *Warspite*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Resolution* and *Rodney*.



KING NORODOM SIHANOUK OF CAMBODIA.

On June 13 left his country, one of the three Associated States of Indo-China, and went into "voluntary exile" in Siam as a protest against French slowness in granting his country independence. On June 21 he returned to Cambodia as suddenly and unexpectedly as he had left it. There have been a number of interpretations of the King's travels.



THE RT. REV. JOHN L. WILSON.

Nominated by the Queen to be Bishop of Birmingham in place of Dr. E. W. Barnes, who resigned last month because of ill-health. Dr. Wilson, who is fifty-five, has been Dean of Manchester and assistant Bishop of Manchester since 1949. He was Bishop of Singapore at the time when it was captured by the Japanese; and he was interned in the Changi Camp from 1943 to 1945.



DR. SCOTT LIDGETT.

Died on June 16, aged ninety-eight. For more than sixty years he was a leader of Methodist thought and a pioneer in social work and education. In 1932 he was chosen to be first president of the United Methodist Churches, and had a strong claim to be considered the "greatest Methodist since John Wesley." He was the founder of the Bermondsey Settlement and its Warden for sixty years.



LT.-COL. F. R. ST. PIERRE BUNBURY.

On June 16 the Commonwealth Division in Korea announced the immediate award of a Bar to the D.S.O. to Lt.-Col. F. R. St. P. Bunbury, commander of the 1st Bn., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, which, on May 28, inflicted a crushing defeat on the enemy, who made a fierce attack on "The Hook" position on the Korean Western front.



THE REV. ARTHUR STRETTON REEVE.

Nominated by the Queen to be Bishop of Lichfield in succession to the late Dr. E. S. Woods. Canon Reeve, who is forty-six, is Vicar and Rural Dean of Leeds and Chaplain to the Queen; he is an honorary Canon of Ripon Cathedral. He was appointed Chaplain to the King in 1945. In 1930 he was a member of the winning Cambridge Boat Race crew.



BRITISH WINNERS OF THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR GRAND PRIX D'ENDURANCE AT LE MANS: D. HAMILTON (LEFT) AND A. ROLT WITH BILL LYONS (CENTRE), MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE JAGUAR CAR COMPANY. The twenty-four-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance, virtually the sports car championship of the world, was won magnificently at Le Mans on June 14 by a British *Jaguar* driven by A. Rolt and D. Hamilton at the record speed of 105.6 miles an hour. It was the first time that the race has been won at more than 100 m.p.h. The other two cars of the *Jaguar* team finished second and fourth, and a *Jaguar* privately owned and driven by two Belgians finished ninth.



DR. RICHARD DOWNEY.

Died on June 16, aged seventy-two. He had been Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool since 1928, and was a brilliant and forthright public figure. His name will always be associated with the foundation of Liverpool Cathedral, the development of which was the great work of his later years. He was a distinguished philosopher and theologian.



JUSTICE W. O. DOUGLAS.

The judge of the U.S. Supreme Court who granted a stay of execution for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to allow the court to review the case of the atomic spies. On June 19, two days later, the Supreme Court reversed the stay of execution and President Eisenhower rejected a clemency appeal, and the Rosenbergs were duly executed.



LIEUT.-CMDR. W. D. S. SCOTT, R.N.

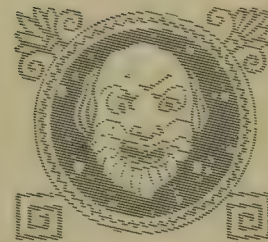
Commander of the submarine *Andrew* which reached the English Channel on June 15 after successfully "snorting" her way across the Atlantic from Bermuda without once breaking surface. She is the first British submarine to have performed this feat. Lieut.-Commander Scott joined submarines in 1941, and has been senior officer of midget submarines.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD.

By ALAN DENT.



WE went to see the filming of "The Beggar's Opera" with the liveliest anticipation. Seldom do we behold such an array of credits—production by Laurence Olivier and Herbert Wilcox, direction by Peter Brook, screen-play by Denis Cannan with additional dialogue and lyrics (to those, of course, of John Gay) by Christopher Fry, music arranged by Arthur Bliss, and so on through the distinguished list. Seldom, too, do we confront such a cast—Macheath by Laurence Olivier, Peachum and Lockit by George Devine and Stanley Holloway, Polly Peachum by Dorothy Tutin, Mrs. Peachum by Mary Clare, Lucy

at Twickenham in 1775 where "The Beggar's Opera" and "the common question, whether it was pernicious in its effects" were discussed, and of how Johnson, "collecting himself, as it were, to give a heavy stroke," delivered himself of the prodigious statement: "There is in it such a *labefaction* of all principles as may be injurious to morality." Boswell's brief comment brings the dinner-party miraculously to life: "While he pronounced this response, we sat in a comical sort of restraint, smothering a laugh, which we were afraid might burst out."

But all this takes us a long way from the immediate question, which, after all, is the quality of the film made out of "The Beggar's Opera." Let us say at once that it is an agreeable and an animated film, with fifty striking virtues—and two striking faults. Let us say further that someone ought to have gone down to Shepperton in the early stages of its making—someone with an authority and a firmness of purpose which may not exist in any one person—who should have had the courage to lead Sir Laurence off the set and say to him: "Dear boy, you don't sing really well enough—especially as you have let all the women's parts be sung by true and good professional voices. Let Macheath's songs be sung by an unseen professional, and you can then—as a reward—help Mr. Brook to direct just as you have helped Mr. Wilcox to produce. The result will be a film far more smooth and satisfying and consistent to the eye as well as to the ear. The result, further, will be a film without that dangerous fifteen minutes or so of sagging and faltering in the middle—around the time when your Macheath is telling Polly and Lucy how happy he could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away."

But Sir Laurence listened to his own voice—and his own intonation—because there was not, apparently, any wiser adviser at his elbow and ear. As a result, we have to enjoy the version's felicities—and they are many—always with the sense that they could have had a steadier background. Sir Arthur Bliss has not made Mr. Benjamin Britten's mistake of being too "clever" and too modern in his orchestration of the music, and his additions to the score—like Mr. Fry's to the book—do not too strikingly depart from the mood and tone of Pepusch and Gay. It is their virtue, in fact, that they conform to it. The same may be said of Mr. Cannan's alterations to the framework of the opera; to Mr. Wakhevitch's sets and costumes, which are rightly and insistently Hogarthian and never—as has been the fault of several stage productions—"dainty"; and to Mr. Brook's direction which, apart from that *mauvais quart d'heure* in the middle, is pungent and imaginative.

The acting of all those mentioned, and of many others besides, is as telling as the piece warrants and demands. Miss Tutin's pretty Polly gives the perfect illusion of

singing as well as she plays. Miss Anderson's Lucy is delightful too, though not sufficiently well contrasted, being a pretty scold rather than a voluptuous termagant. And we thought that Miss Yvonne Furneaux gave a wonderful, watchful, sultry-handsome quality to Jenny Diver, who sold her lover to justice for a guinea. Sir Laurence finally—let us make no mistake about it—plays the gallant rogue as well as he can be played—a thing quite distinct from saying "as well as he can be sung." This Macheath is irresistible with the ladies, or highway-robbing, or galloping past the lonely gallows on Bagshot Heath; he has half the



"SIR LAURENCE PLAYS THE GALLANT ROGUE AS WELL AS HE CAN BE PLAYED—A THING QUITE DISTINCT FROM SAYING 'AS WELL AS HE CAN BE SANG': MACHEATH (LAURENCE OLIVIER) IN "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" MAKES HIS GETAWAY FROM THE HAY LOFT, WHERE HE AND POLLY (DOROTHY TUTIN) WERE DISCOVERED BY PEACHUM AND HIS MEN.

Lockit by Daphne Anderson, and Mrs. Trapes by Athene Seyler. The ladies' and some of the men's parts were sung by Adele Leigh and Jennifer Vyvyan, Edith Coates and Joan Cross, John Cameron and Bruce Boyce; and two of the principal men's parts were sung by their enactors—the Macheath by Laurence Olivier and the Lockit by Stanley Holloway—the latter superbly, the former bravely. But we shall return to that anon, anon!

Could any piece, short of Shakespeare, merit such auspices? Yes, "The Beggar's Opera" does. The first showing of this film was on an afternoon, and I spent the long morning of the same day refreshing my memory with all the tributes to the glory of the old piece scattered among my books. First in quality, if not in time, came the noble encomium of Hazlitt: "We are glad of every thing that facilitates the frequent representation of that inimitable play, which unites those two things, sense and sound, in a higher degree than any other performance on the English or (as far as we know) any other stage." It will be a sad day when we cannot quote Hazlitt on a subject, and a miserable one when we can stop quoting him: "It is to us the best proof of the good sense as well as real delicacy of the British public, to see the most beautiful women in the boxes and the most veteran critics in the pit, whenever it is acted. All sense of humanity must be lost before 'The Beggar's Opera' can cease to fill the mind with delight and admiration."

Of the many pronouncements before and since Hazlitt we have time to pause only at Boswell and Johnson, and occasion to note that the piece brought out the Boswellism of Boswell as unmistakably as anything could: "I know from my own experience that Scotch reels, though brisk, make me melancholy, because I used to hear them in my early years . . . whereas the airs in 'The Beggar's Opera,' many of which are very soft, never fail to render me gay, because they are associated with the warm sensations and high spirits of London." It brought out, too, as well as anything ever did, the Johnsonianism of Johnson. The reader may like to remember a dinner



"IT IS AN AGREEABLE AND AN ANIMATED FILM WITH FIFTY STRIKING VIRTUES—AND TWO STRIKING FAULTS": "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (BRITISH LION)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM, WHICH IS IN TECHNICOLOR, SHOWING MACHEATH (LAURENCE OLIVIER) IN NEWGATE AFTER HIS CAPTURE. WITH HIM ARE (L. TO R.) LUCY LOCKIT (DAPHNE ANDERSON); POLLY PEACHUM (DOROTHY TUTIN); AND PEACHUM (GEORGE DEVINE).



"THE ACTING . . . IS AS TELLING AS THE PIECE WARRANTS AND DEMANDS": "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," CO-PRODUCED BY LAURENCE OLIVIER AND HERBERT WILCOX, AND DIRECTED BY PETER BROOK, SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH MRS. TRAPES (ATHENE SEYLER) HAS COME TO TELL LOCKIT (STANLEY HOLLOWAY) AND PEACHUM (GEORGE DEVINE—RIGHT) THAT MACHEATH (LAURENCE OLIVIER) IS AT THE GAMING ROOM.

agility of the elder Fairbanks and twice the panache of the younger one; Technicolor gives him the sensual good looks, alternately sombre and flashing, of Robert Burns, and always he sings with the boyish zest of Larry Olivier in his own drawing-room. But this last, as we have said already, is hardly adequate for the cruel and critical amplification of the screen.

If we are asked, in conclusion, to say whether this is, in our view, a successful or an unsuccessful film-version of "The Beggar's Opera," we think first of that Duke of Queensberry to whom Gay showed his script and who opined: "This is a very odd thing, Gay; I am satisfied that it is either a very good thing, or a very bad thing." We are satisfied that the film is neither one thing nor the other. But it is provocative as well as provoking, and we have already seen it twice.

A ROYAL OCCASION, A FEAT OF ENDURANCE, AND OTHER EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



PRESENTING AWARDS TO THE ARGENTINE POLO TEAM WHICH WON THE CORONATION CUP:

H.M. THE QUEEN AT COWDRAY PARK, NEAR BEPTON, SUSSEX.

On June 21, H.M. the Queen was present at Cowdray Park to see the play in the final tie for the Coronation Cup between England and Argentina. Argentina won by seven goals to six, and her Majesty presented the cup and awards to the winning team.



AN AUSTRALIAN INAUGURATION OF THE GAUR HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME IN PERTHSHIRE:

MR. R. G. MENZIES, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, SWITCHING ON THE POWER.

On June 20 Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, switched on the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's new generating station overlooking the River Gaur, Loch Rannoch, in Perthshire. This is the first single turbine power station of substantial size to be built in Scotland, and will produce 17,000,000 units of electricity a year.



LINING THE DECKS AT PORTLAND: THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SUBMARINE ANDREW, WHICH RECENTLY MADE NAVAL HISTORY.

Our photograph shows the crew of the British submarine *Andrew* which made naval history on June 15 by completing a 2500-mile Atlantic crossing from Bermuda entirely under water. The vessel, which used "Snort" breathing apparatus, was commanded by Lieut.-Commander W. D. S. Scott, R.N., whose portrait appears on page 1095.



THE BRITISH SUBMARINE ANDREW WHICH "SNORTED" HER WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM BERMUDA WITHOUT ONCE BREAKING SURFACE.



PRESENTED TO THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES TO MARK THE COMPANY'S JUBILEE: A CEREMONIAL STANDING SALT. This Ceremonial Standing Salt was designed by Reginald Hill and made entirely by hand in the workshop of G. J. Vander, Ltd. The lower inscription reads: "1903-1953: To Ford Motor Company, U.S.A., A Jubilee Gift from Ford Motor Company, Ltd., Dagenham, England."



THE DUCK WHICH TOOK HER BROOD FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOPING TO CALL ON THE QUEEN: A POLICEMAN SHEPHERDING THE VISITORS BACK ACROSS THE ROAD, TO THE AMUSEMENT OF ONLOOKERS.



THE WORST DISASTER IN AVIATION HISTORY, IN WHICH 127 LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKAGE OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE GLOBEMASTER WHICH CRASHED NEAR TOKYO. A United States Air Force Globemaster (a large, four-engine military transport capable of carrying 200 troops and their equipment) crashed soon after the take-off from Tachikawa base near Tokyo on June 18. It was carrying American Air Force men returning to Korea from leave, and the death roll was 127, including the crew of seven. In spite of heavy rain the wreckage was still burning five hours after the crash, when all that was left intact was one wing. By the evening seventy bodies had been recovered.

DISASTERS, THE END OF A LEGAL BATTLE, AND A QUEEN'S BEAST FROM SINGAPORE.



SHOWING THE PARACHUTE TO REDUCE SPEED ON LANDING: A U.S. AIR FORCE B.47 JET STRATO-BOMBER, ONE OF WHICH FLEW THE ATLANTIC IN 5 HRS. 53 MINS. A U.S. Air Force B.47 jet strato-bomber, first of fifteen, out of a wing of forty-five, flew from a U.S. base to Fairford, Glos., U.S.A.F. base, in 5 hrs. 53 mins. The aircraft have a top speed of 600 m.p.h. and, on touching down, release a parachute to reduce speed. They will eventually replace the now obsolete B.29 and B.50 aircraft as the main offensive force.



A SINGAPORE ADDITION TO THE "FEROCIOUSLY LOYAL" QUEEN'S BEASTS: THE "SEA DRAGON," WHICH, IN HONOUR OF THE CORONATION, SWAM ACROSS THE HARBOUR. Singapore celebrations for the Coronation included a 450-ft.-long "Sea Dragon," with a head 40 ft. high, lit with 8000 coloured electric-light bulbs. It was built on six lighters, manned by fifty men and assisted by three tugs. Every night during Coronation festivities it writhed and twisted across the harbour, snapping its jaws and spitting balls of fire. Looking as "ferociously loyal" as the Westminster Queen's Beasts, it was said to bring good fortune to small craft and junks, all dressed over all in the inner roads.



SHOWING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS WITH WHICH IT WAS ILLUMINATED: THE HEAD OF THE "SEA DRAGON," WHICH WAS A SINGAPORE CORONATION DECORATION.



WHAT A TORNADO LOOKS LIKE: A REMARKABLE CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE SIX WHICH STRUCK PARTS OF SOUTH-WESTERN MICHIGAN AND NORTHERN OHIO ON JUNE 9. This photograph shows what a tornado looks like. It was one of six which struck at parts of Michigan and northern Ohio over a length of 350 miles, killing 141, injuring 250 and doing immense damage. The tornadoes struck—three of them, apparently—in Ohio towards the western end of Lake Erie and across the border in Michigan at Erie. Later others, or possibly the same, whirled down on Flint and across two counties between Erie and Flint; and at Tawas City far to the north on Lake Huron.



LISTENING TO SPEECHES CONDEMNING THE CARRYING-OUT OF THE DEATH SENTENCE ON THE ROSENBERGS: CROWDS IN A NEW YORK STREET ON JUNE 19. On June 19 the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the stay of execution granted to the atom spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg by Justice Douglas, and President Eisenhower indicated he would not use his right of executive clemency. This brought the two years' legal battle to save their lives to an end; and they went to the electric chair that evening. They were convicted in March 1951, and sentenced to death. Protest meetings occurred in New York, and there were demonstrations in London.

REVOLUTIONS IN EGYPT AND COLOMBIA, KOREAN UNREST, AND AN EXHIBITION.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NEW EGYPTIAN REPUBLIC: GENERAL NEGUIB (CENTRE BACK-GROUND) BEING ACCLAIMED BY A CAIRO CROWD AFTER HE HAD ENDED THE MONARCHY.



GENERAL NEGUIB (LEFT CENTRE) WITH (ON HIS LEFT) THE FORMER MUFTI OF JERUSALEM AND OTHER EGYPTIAN NOTABLES AT PRAYER IN CAIRO AFTER THE COUP. On June 18 General Neguib proclaimed Egypt a Republic, with himself as President and Prime Minister. The proclamation was signed by the military Revolutionary Council; and as a result the seventeen-month-old King Fuad was deposed, and the monarchy and all Royal titles abolished. Thus ended the brief reign of the eleventh descendant of Mohammed Ali, the Albanian adventurer who seized power in Egypt at the beginning of the last century. The proclamation is reported to have left Cairo calm and unmoved.



"ST. HELEN'S FORT, BEMBRIDGE": BY NORMAN WILKINSON, C.B.E., P.R.I., THE MARINE PAINTER WHOSE WORK HAS SO OFTEN BEEN REPRODUCED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," EXHIBITED AT HIS ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE FINE ART GALLERIES, DUE TO CLOSE TO-DAY, JUNE 27.



"LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY": BY NORMAN WILKINSON, A DRAMATIC VIEW OF THE GREAT LANCASHIRE PORT, INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE FINE ART GALLERIES. Mr. Norman Wilkinson's one-man show at the Fine Art Galleries, which is due to close to-day, June 27, is the first exhibition which he has held in the West End of London for thirty-five years. One of the best-known of contemporary marine painters, Mr. Wilkinson acted as adviser on camouflage to the Air Ministry, 1938-39, and invented the "dazzle" painting for the protection of merchant shipping adopted by the Allied nations in World War I. He is the President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



AN EARLY PHASE IN PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE'S PLANS TO EMBARRASS THE KOREAN TRUCE NEGOTIATIONS: SOUTH KOREAN WOUNDED LYING DOWN IN THE STREET IN PUSAN.

Elsewhere in this issue we report President Syngman Rhee's reckless action in ordering the release of anti-Communist North Koreans held as prisoners of war by the United Nations. This was the most drastic and dangerous of a series of actions and protests staged by the aged President; and a full week before the break-out on June 17, staged protests against the terms of the truce had taken the form of public demonstrations in both Seoul and Pusan. The usual slogan at these demonstrations was "We demand unification or death," followed by "We shall march to the Yalu River."



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF COLOMBIA: GENERAL ROJAS PINILLA (WITH HAND RAISED), THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF WHO SEIZED POWER IN A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

On June 14 General Rojas Pinilla, after surrounding the residence of President Laureano Gomez with tanks and troops, seized power in Colombia, assumed the Presidency himself and immediately formed a new Conservative Government of civilians and military men. In a broadcast he said that he had acted to "avoid great bloodshed" and with the approval of the former Conservative President Dr. Urdaneta. The coup was accomplished without a shot being fired, the country is reported calm, and it is stated that free elections will be held.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ABBAY AND CITY.

By J. C. TREWIN

CHRISTOPHER HASSALL is now an Abbey dramatist. For once the phrase has nothing to do with Dublin. It means, simply, that Mr. Hassall has dealt with one of the most complex assignments a dramatist can have: to write a play expressly for staging upon the Coronation dais of Westminster Abbey before an audience seated in the transepts.

I fancy that many writers, faced with this task, would have crumpled. Mr. Hassall has carried the work through; but only to receive what appears to me to be a halfpennyworth of praise against a good deal of criticism. True, it is not a play to last: it is for a specific occasion, nothing more. True, its prose and verse are hardly matched to the nobility of the scene. Yet Mr. Hassall has contrived certain effects that I shall remember; something, surely, ought to be said about his technical address, the craft with which he has tried to prevent the piece from being wholly overborne by its surroundings. He is one of our unlucky playwrights. Last year "The Player King," his tale of the Young Pretender of the Tudors, should have reached London and did not. This summer "Out of the Whirlwind" ought to have our respect at least.

The theme is a struggle between Good and Evil—Good represented by a Canon of Westminster, Evil by an "unclean spirit" called Dr. Opprobrius—for the soul of a woman, a female job. This Martha, met first as a bride in 1914, endures a lifetime of sorrow; to the last she keeps her faith, and, though tempted, does not cry against the Lord.

The woman is called Martha Gam; and she is married to Davy Gam in a village church on August 4, 1914. Two years later she receives a telegram. While she stands with it, the characters from the eighth scene of the fourth act of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth" move suddenly to the Coronation dais. We have Exeter's "Here comes the herald of the French, my liege"; and, presently, the Shakespearean lines are ringing across the Abbey. The King reaches "the number of our English dead"; a herald proffers a scroll; Henry reads from it:

Edward the Duke
of York, the Earl
of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly,
Davy Gam
esquire...

It is now that Martha, standing before the dais, opens the message that tells her that her husband is missing. Above, the King is speaking from another field in France:

O God, Thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to Thy name alone
Ascribe we all

This has been scorned somewhere as "almost intolerably facile." But is it? It seemed to me at the première, and does still, to be an imaginative stroke. Christopher Hassall never forgets that he is writing a play for a unique stage—the epithet is justifiable—and, throughout, he seeks, properly, to heighten his theatrical and emotional effects. He should have credit for such devices as the entry of the mediaeval miracle players and the guarding of the stage by figures of Mercy, Righteousness, Truth and Peace; and for the last appearance of St. Peter, spoken with authority by Robert Speaight.

It is at St. Peter's appearance that we realise why Mr. Hassall has had so awkward a task. I quote from the stage directions: "Peter points upward, and other lights,

widening the area of vision, bring into view the columns that have shadowily presided over the action throughout. These lamps also illuminate the roof and the upper part of the walls which have hitherto been quite out of the audience's consciousness. The Abbey itself has now intruded on the play and become the set. Indeed, it is at once a new setting

intermittent domesticities seem even smaller than they were; I do not think Mr. Hassall was happy with them. It was far better when he could move into heightened speech. Usually here he managed to avoid pomposity. Whatever criticism may say of Mr. Hassall, it should agree that he would not drop into the jargon of a writer (on another occasion)

who held that "poetry is the product of the experiencing ego and is precipitated by the process of Becoming before the state of Pure Being is reached." There is nothing intolerably pretentious in "Out of the Whirlwind." In any event, Mr. Hassall has been humble enough to recognise his difficulties from the start. Protheroe, his dramatist in the prologue, says: "What chance have I?" And the Canon of Westminster answers: "None, my dear Sir, none whatever."

Instead, then, of greeting Mr. Hassall with what the late Humbert Wolfe once called "the faint cold sound of the Morte," we can salute him on what he has achieved; Hugh Miller on the way he has produced the piece in the Abbey; and the actors on voicing the text so finely: Fay Compton as Martha—that soul of endurance through forty years—Robert Harris as the Canon of Westminster, and Reginald Tate as the unclean spirit, Opprobrius, whose aspect (as the dramatist directs) is "eminently respectable."

Up in the City of London, Bernard Miles and his cast have an easier time with a comedy by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston—the Jacobean dramatists in conference—about London in 1605. This is "Eastward Ho!", staged in the Royal

Exchange at the City's heart. The Mermaid Theatre, under its starred, blue roof, has now fitted itself so snugly into the Exchange that we can hardly imagine

the building without it. Its wide platform is just the thing for the robust tale of a Cheapside goldsmith with a pair of apprentices, one worthy, one prodigal, and a pair of daughters similarly contrasted. One of them, the aspiring Gertrude, who "must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut and long tail," marries the adventuring Sir Petronel Flash: she is acted with a gusty vigour by Barbara Lott, whose performance—except for Bernard Miles's few moments as a roaring fellow called Slitgut—is the night's most satisfying thing. I cannot imagine "Eastward Ho!" being generally popular; but in the setting of the Royal Exchange it is very much at home.

So to a more orthodox theatre, the Globe, and to "The Private Life of Helen." In this comedy, taken by André Roussin and Madeleine Gray from John Erskine's novel, and then brought by Arthur Macrae to the English stage, Helen has left Paris, in two senses.

She is back in her husband's palace at Sparta, where the comedy resolves itself into an amiable joke at the expense of Greek drama. Everything imaginable happens off-stage; though not much happens "on," Diana Wynyard and Cecil Parker (Menelaus) lead the way through a piece that is like an elongated curtain-raiser. It ends with a diverting mime to prove that—even if the Trojan War is over—Helen has by no means had her day. In short, a glib little comedy; but I would suggest that—in spite of the programme's brief genealogical table—some playgoers, unversed in classical mythology, may find that it is Greek to them.



"SALUTE TO ROBERT ATKINS ON THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE": A SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," WHICH BEGAN THE TWENTY-FIRST SEASON OF PLAYS AT REGENT'S PARK OPEN-AIR THEATRE. (L. TO R.) MARIA (PEGGY SIMPSON); FESTE (TREFOR JONES); SIR TOBY (ROBERT ATKINS); MALVOLIO (TRISTAN RAWSON) AND AGUECHEEK (AUBREY WOODS).

and a new character, for it will soon give utterance."

But I do not believe that the Abbey has ever been "out of the audience's consciousness." It has always intruded on the play. This is why, in time to come, we may recall "Out of the Whirlwind" pictorially rather than dramatically: the blaze upon the



"A HARD-WORKING LITTLE CHARADE-COMEDY THAT IS BETTER THAN ITS LAMENTABLE TITLE": "THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING THE GIRL (ROSEMARY HARRIS) AND RICHARD SHERMAN (BRIAN REECE) IN A SCENE FROM ACT I, OF GEORGE AXELROD'S PLAY, WHICH IS DIRECTED BY JOHN GERSTAD.

carpet of pale gold that absorbed and stored the light until the very floor was glowing; the disposition of the allegorical figures about the dais; the sudden flash and glint of armour and surcoat in the Shakespearean scenes; grouping here, lighting there; ever, above and around all, the splendour of the Abbey. This splendour made the play's



"AN AMERICAN COMEDY, GOOD-NATURED BUT PROTRACTED": "THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH"—A SCENE FROM ACT III, IN WHICH RICHARD SHERMAN (BRIAN REECE) DECLARES THAT HE IS "GOING FAST" AND ASKS HELEN SHERMAN (MARGOT STEVENSON) TO GIVE HIM A CIGARETTE. THIS PLAY, WHICH OPENED AT THE ALDWYCH LAST MONTH, WAS DISCUSSED BY OUR CRITIC, MR. J. C. TREWIN, IN OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 13.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

VARIETY (Palladium).—Betty and Jane Kean, American comediennees with a sense of crazy humour, dominate an average bill. (June 8-20.)

"EASTWARD HO!" (Mermaid, Royal Exchange).—A picture of the Jacobean City for the new-Elizabethan City. Robust humours fitted to the Mermaid stage, and serviceably presented. (June 10.)

"OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND" (Westminster Abbey).—Christopher Hassall's always competent, and sometimes imaginative, effort to write a play for the Westminster Abbey Appeal. (June 10.)

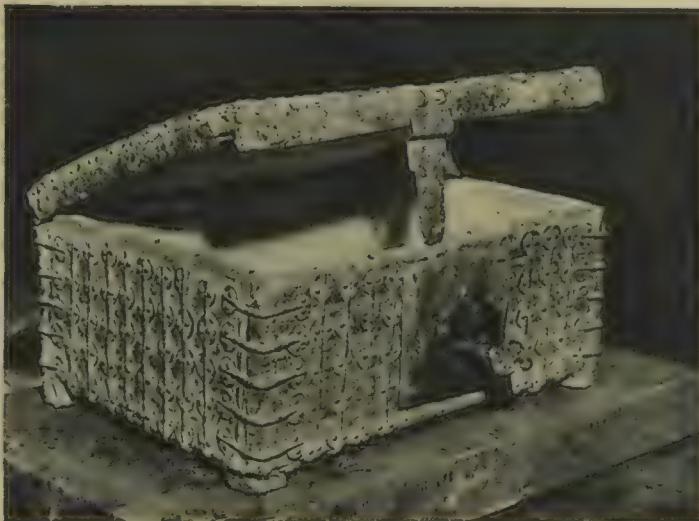
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN" (Globe).—What happens at the palace of Menelaus after the Trojan War. André Roussin and Arthur Macrae help us, mischievously, to brush up our classics, though it all takes too long. (June 11.)

"NORMA" (Covent Garden).—Excellent singing in a revival of Bellini's opera. (June 15.)

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: EXHIBITS, INCLUDING THE LOAN CHOSEN BY THE LATE QUEEN MARY.



MADE BY WEEKES FOR HIS OWN MUSEUM, AND LATER THE PROPERTY OF LORD BYRON: A REGENCY MUSICAL CLOCK, THE LOWER SECTION WITH A MOVING PANORAMA. (Height; 22½ ins.)



DATING FROM C. 1400: A WOODEN CASKET, COVERED WITH SHEEPSKIN PARCHMENT, DESIGNED TO HOLD DOCUMENTS AND PAPERS.

THE 13th Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, which ended at Grosvenor House on June 25, was opened by Princess Margaret on June 10. It is a unique institution, as all objects displayed at these annual Fairs have been examined by experts and guaranteed to be of the period to which they are ascribed. No object made after 1830 is admitted to the Fair. That year is chosen as the dividing period between the handcraft age and the

[Continued below, left.]



A FINE EXAMPLE OF CHINESE SCULPTURE: A SEATED FIGURE OF KUAN-YIN, THE GODDESS OF MERCY AND MATERNITY, IN WOOD, WITH FLOWING ROBES IN GOLD LACQUER. MING DYNASTY.



FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF DAVID GARRICK: A DRESSING-TABLE IN CREAM ENAMEL DECORATED WITH CHINESE SCENES IN GREEN. THE REMAINDER OF THE SUITE IS IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



PART OF THE LOAN CHOSEN BY THE LATE QUEEN MARY BEFORE HER ILLNESS, AND SHOWN BY SPECIAL PERMISSION: A DIAMOND AND EMERALD "GEORGE" GARTER BADGE, AND THE NOTEBOOK OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE, CONSORT OF GEORGE III.



DECORATED WITH BLACK AND GOLD ORIENTAL LACQUER: A SUPERB ENGLISH COMMODE MADE C. 1750, WHICH WAS FORMERLY AT HAREWOOD HOUSE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.

Continued. mechanical one. Her late Majesty Queen Mary, whose interest in and knowledge of works of art was profound, was the Patron of the Fair; and this year, by special permission, the loan she had chosen was shown, in addition to the loans by the Queen and other members of the Royal family. The diamond "George" Badge of the Order of the Garter which we illustrate was the property of Frederick William, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (1819-1904), who



IDENTICAL WITH A SET OF COMMOTES AT WINDSOR: A COMMODE OF ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP, THIRD QUARTER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH REGENCE STYLE. THE TOP IS INLAID WITH A VASE OF FLOWERS IN SHADED WOODS.

married Princess Augusta, daughter of Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, an aunt of her late Majesty. The commode of English workmanship in imitation of the French *Regence* fashion is identical with the pieces which make up a set of four commodes purchased by Lord Yarmouth for the use of the Prince Regent (later George IV.) at Carlton House, and now at Windsor. The description is taken from "Furniture at Windsor Castle" by Sir Guy Laking.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CROWNED HEADS BY SIMPLE SOULS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

NOT long ago I happened to refer to a pair of salt-glaze dogs from early eighteenth-century Staffordshire which had been sold at Sotheby's. I expressed the hope that they had found a master who would appreciate them and would give them a comfortable home. They have done extremely well for themselves, I am now informed, for they live in a fine place, the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, in Kansas City, and certainly have the best of masters, for they have joined the Burnap collection, which is the foremost of its kind in the United States. Mr., and the late Mrs., Burnap began to collect English porcelain many years ago, and in due course transferred their affections to pottery. They gave their porcelain to the Museum at Potsdam, New York, their birthplace, and their pottery collection (in 1946) to Kansas City. Mr. Burnap, at the age of eighty-seven, is still tracking down fine pieces, such as the animals I have mentioned, and it is now

a pleasure to include items from this great collection side by side with pieces from the Victoria and Albert Museum. Here are two dishes which were unquestionably made to celebrate, not just the King, but the Coronation itself. Fig. 1, a "blue-dash" charger of Lambeth

that is, no doubt, until you try to do it yourself—or, rather, as simple as putting icing on a cake; in this case—Fig. 2—upon a background of yellowy-cream the design is trailed out of a funnel in the same way as a confectioner trails out sugar on the top of a Christmas cake. It is a rough-and-ready practice in which mistakes bring their own punishment. Some of the plates in this technique are decorated in a way which is genuinely forceful and distinguished; I am thinking of a famous example which shows a leaping hare—but I don't know that we can be very flattering about this and the other Royal portraits in slip. This is peasant art—great fun, very rare, full of gusto, but

they are too hearty in their methods and too fond of advertising their own names; if they were mixed up in the Titus Oates or other plots they would surely have been more discreet? One more theory about some of the pictures of "The Fall" at this period. On some of the tin-enamelled dishes Eve appears to be holding out an orange, not an apple; and this has been interpreted as an allegory of the Great and Glorious Revolution of 1689—Queen Mary offering the throne of England to King William of Orange. Too far-fetched for me and, I hope, for you. I think we can claim another plate (which there is no space to illustrate), in spite of its subject, as a Coronation

plate. Anyway, I must mention it, for the Stuarts are incorrigibly romantic however odd their behaviour or obtuse their policy. It bears a representation of Charles being crowned in the Boscabel Oak after the Battle of Worcester—a large head in a very small tree—but the meaning is plain enough. This could, of course, have been produced at any time after 1651; but was hardly likely to have been a commercial proposition during the Commonwealth, though I suppose it might have been circulated as Royalist propaganda. My own guess is that it appeared in the summer of 1660, when the King landed to claim his own again, and was

a popular plate till long after the Coronation. Lambeth Delft, with a blue border.

Up to the Midlands again, to Staffordshire and more slipware, in the style of Fig. 2, which I venture to describe as music-hall comic. The tradition was



FIG. 1. BEARING A STANDING PORTRAIT OF CHARLES II, WEARING CORONATION ROBES: A "BLUE-DASH" CHARGER, DATED 1661. This "blue-dash" charger of Lambeth Delft, in blue, yellow and brown, bears the portrait of Charles II., crowned, in Coronation robes, and bearing the Orb and Sceptre. "The arched background obviously refers to Westminster Abbey." [By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City.]



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH A REPRESENTATION OF CHARLES II, BEING CROWNED BY THE ARCHBISHOP: A STAFFORDSHIRE SLIPWARE DISH, c. 1660-80. This Coronation dish of Staffordshire slipware has a light yellow ground, with decorations in light- and dark-brown slip. The artist, William Talor, "has sprawled his name over a substantial portion of the border." [By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City.]

ham-fisted. I must admit it intrigues me enormously, because I ask myself does it display genuine rustic loyalty, simple men doing their best: or is it a bar-parlour scribble designed to bring the monarchy into contempt?

The odd thing about these extraordinary pieces is that their makers are so intensely proud of themselves that they incorporate their names as part of the design, as William Talor (seventeenth-century spelling is always a trifle vague) has done here, and as Thomas Toft and Ralph Simpson have done on other dishes. This habit displays such naïve and rather charming conceit that I am liable to judge these men unfairly and credit them with intentions which very probably never entered their minds. Moreover, it is extraordinarily difficult to put ourselves in the shoes of the people who first made and saw these things, and consequently any interpretations based upon our own notions of what constitutes good manners or what are the limits of satire, are likely to be faulty. Certainly at the end of the seventeenth century, political controversy, mingled as it was with religious prejudice, could be as savage as any ideological bickerings of to-day. But there is nothing savage about these portraits; they are just comically disrespectful and small-boyish, and we cannot even be sure that was

the intention. There is one circumstance which makes it possible that Thomas Toft, at any rate, meant less well than appeared on the surface. What more edifying and innocuous than a picture of "The Fall"?—which, indeed, was a favourite subject both on plates and textiles throughout the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, we might possibly suspect that robust fun was going perhaps over the border of good taste when Adam is unmistakably Charles II. and Eve an unknown lady. Toft was a Catholic, and many of his co-religionists were executed at Stafford the year the plate in question was made—1674. On the whole, I think we can exonerate these pioneer Staffordshire worthies from any really treasonable activities. Somehow



FIG. 3. KING WILLIAM III. REPRESENTED WITH "NURSERY LACK OF RESPECT": A STAFFORDSHIRE SLIPWARE DISH BY RALPH SIMPSON. Frank Davis describes this dish as being carried out in "pastrycook technique" and with "nursery lack of respect." It dates from 1689 or after. [By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]

Delft, in blue, yellow and brown, shows Charles II. crowned, in Coronation robes, and bearing the Orb and Sceptre. The arched background obviously refers to Westminster Abbey. The date is 1661, the year after Charles landed in England and the year of the actual Coronation. Fig. 2 is of Staffordshire slipware—light yellow ground, with decorations in light- and dark-brown slip. There is Charles II. actually being crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury and flanked on each side by cherubs. The border is trellis pattern, and the artist (who is hazy about spelling but intensely proud of himself), William Talor, has sprawled his name over a substantial portion of the border. First about the technique of slipware. Simple as pie—



FIG. 4. GEORGE I. DEPICTED ON A STAFFORDSHIRE SLIPWARE DISH: BY RALPH SIMPSON. Ralph Simpson has "let himself go . . . and made his border of four circular dotted patterns and five bewigged heads" on this Staffordshire slipware George I. dish. [By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]

by now of respectable antiquity, for the King William dish clearly could not have been made before 1689, nor the George I. dish before 1715 (Figs. 3 and 4). Once again the pastry-cook technique and the nursery lack of respect, and the name of the maker sprawling across the border. There is a variant of the George I. dish in the Burnap collection in which the potter, with characteristic carelessness, spells his name "Simson." You will note that William III. is surrounded by the conventional trellis border. Simpson has let himself go in the case of George I. and made his border of four circular dotted patterns and five bewigged heads. These men were simple souls indeed—but they laid the foundations of a great industry.

THE DISPERSAL OF THE ASHBURNHAM COLLECTION: FINE WORKS IN THE SALE.



"A RIVER LANDSCAPE"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1605-1691). THE TRANSPARENT EFFECT OF THE SUNLIGHT IS OF UNCOMMON BEAUTY. SIGNED. (On panel; 12½ by 15½ ins.)



"THE GRAND CANAL AND RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BACINO"; BY ANTON CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). (On metal; 17 by 23 ins.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY GIOVANNI DEL BIONDO (SECOND HALF OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY). (Panel; 76½ by 36½ ins.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY SOPHONISBA ANGUISCIOLO (1535-1626). SIGNED AND DATED 1558. (On panel; circular, 5½ ins. diameter.)

The sale of the Ashburnham treasures brings about the dispersal of one of the finest and least well-known of the great English collections. The paintings and drawings of the Continental schools which were due to come under the hammer at Sotheby's on June 24 were assembled during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by John, second Earl of Ashburnham (1724-1812) and by the third and fourth holders of the title. The second Lord Ashburnham kept careful note in his own hand of the purchases he made, the provenance of the pictures and their price, so that the works of the later sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries which he assembled are well documented.



"A PANORAMA OF VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), WITH A RACE OF FESTIVE GONDOLAS UP THE GIUDECCA CANAL. (A pen and ink and wash drawing; 13½ by 26½ ins.)



"A MIRACLE OF ST. BERNARDINO"; BY SANO DI PIETRO (1406-1481). A DROWNED BOY IS BEING RESCUED BY A MAN; THE SAINT IS IN THE SKY. (Panel; 7½ by 13½ ins.)



"A STILL LIFE"; BY FRANS SNYDERS (1579-1657). SIGNED AND DATED 1646. (On panel; 28 by 40½ ins.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS"; BY THE MASTER OF THE STRAUS MADONNA. EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (On gold ground on panel; 17½ by 17 ins.)

The collection included Italian primitives, and also Italian paintings of the later fifteenth, early sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the French group was an outstanding Claude, and the Flemish paintings included a van Orley of "David and Bathsheba," once in the collection of William II., King of Holland, and other interesting works. Of Dutch paintings, the Cuyper we reproduce is remarkably beautiful, and there was "A View of the Seraglio," by Willem van de Velde, the Younger. Both these paintings were on view at the recent Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONCE in a long, long time there comes a novel for which three stars would be the wrong kind of distinction. Those imply continuity and mere degree. What the exception wants is a red flag, something to hit the eye, and possibly to caution the faint-hearted. For you never know; some critics used to warn us about Proust, and call him stiff going at the outset. And if Proust could daunt, "The Man Without Qualities," by Robert Musil (Secker and Warburg; 25s.), may well seem totally forbidding. One can't avoid the parallel; they are alike in stature and in bulk and beyond that lies the affinity of contrast. To sum it up, Proust is essentially an aesthete, and this twin giant an intellectual.

That may perhaps account for its neglect. The author died in 1942; yet, the translators say, even in German-speaking countries, to this very hour, he has remained an esoteric treasure. Of course, world circumstances have been hostile; but on the other hand, this esoteric quality is no mirage. It is quite vain for the translators to present him as a simple writer—or even simple "in the last resort." Yet, early on page 2, we get a first whiff of anticipation. The novel opens in Imperial Vienna, and indeed with Imperial Vienna. And then it suddenly remarks: "The excessive weight attached to the question of where one is goes back to nomadic times, when people had to be observant about feeding-grounds." This is a typical *volte-face*, and also a true presage of amusement. For on one side the story is incomparable fun; though, of course, intellectual fun, and though it is a great deal else into the bargain.

This intellectual comedy—and indeed all besides—has an inspired expression in the framework. It is the year 1913. In 1918, Franz Josef will have reigned for seventy years; and, as coincidence will have it, the Prussian upstart will be completing his first thirty. The Prussians mean to celebrate in a big way; hence the "Collateral Campaign," which is designed to go one better. All the Campaign needs is a great Idea, a focus of "redeeming upsurge"; and all responsible suggestions are invited.

Clearly, this tragic farce has room for anyone, for every kind of bee, and for the whole predicament of modern life. In the translators' phrase, it is "a caricature quest for the Grail." And to complete the joke, Ulrich becomes its honorary secretary. Ulrich is the true Galahad, the all-round man who has renounced his "qualities," his special gifts, his mathematical career, in search of a new road, a new technique of "exact living." Of course, he sees through the Campaign; but there is something else afoot, in which he too has a mysterious involvement. That is the case of Moosbrugger, the sexual maniac. Moosbrugger's is indeed another world—a kind of heaven below, a dark, distorted image of the great Idea.

But I have hardly scratched the surface. The difficulties are in Ulrich's thought; and the unique delight is in the play of feeling as idea, and feeling saturated with idea.

OTHER FICTION.

Nothing should properly come next. But "The Retreat," by P. H. Newby (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is at least odd, therefore in some sense a transition. And it is also brilliant. And though to me it was emotionally double dutch, others may find it less inscrutable.

The year is 1940, and Flying Officer Knight is being evacuated from Dieppe. He is a newly-married man, and so consumed with love that his wife's letters are an agony; he simply can't bear to read through them. The ship is bombed; and under shock, he tells himself the war is over. Then his desire for Helen reaches a frantic pitch, and he deserts as a short cut to her.

So far, so good. And then, instead, he goes to see a couple of old friends. Jane has just lost her baby, and is quietly mad. Hesketh's devotion to her is so prostrate as to be somewhat crazed; and Knight seems maddest of the three. He is still "trying to get to Helen," yet when Jane asks him to run off with her, off they both go. In fact, it was a common impulse. "Running away from God," is Jane's account of it. And meanwhile everyone is on their track; Helen, and Knight's C.O., and Hesketh as a guardian angel. Symbols abound; and this mad hatter's holiday, in detail, has the precision of a vivid dream. But it has not the flavour of a dream; it is as though the author's talent had strayed into a private world.

"Queen Jezebel," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), is a return to commonplace: readable, solid work, with no peculiarity but the events. Here Catherine de' Medici is ushered out, in the third volume of her story. This part includes the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the end of mad King Charles; Anjou's return from Poland to assume the crown; the married life and extra-conjugal affairs of the young couple of Navarre; and finally the murder of the Duke of Guise, and Catherine's own death. For her, these have been years of disappointment. At last her favourite is King; but after all her dreams, the petted child has turned out the least docile. It is his young men who have power, and all that Catherine can do is to remove them piecemeal. The two Henrys—the fantastic Henry III. and his antithesis the Béarnais—are full of life and scandalously entertaining.

"Murder as a Fine Art," by Carol Carnac (Collins; 9s. 6d.), features a Fine Arts Ministry, set up in hopeful mood after the war, and housed in a colossal Regency mansion of equal splendour and discomfort. "Infant mortality" has been severe, and has already claimed two Ministers. The first was knowledgeable and enthusiastic—and for want of funds, acquired a large collection of the obscurer moderns. Then came a wholehearted economist, who stopped the buying and axed all "experts" at a swoop. When he too died, the outcome was a lot of modern pictures, and a complete dearth of authority. The present Minister is up in art—only not modern art. But he does look around, and spots some interference with the files. And then, one night, the deputy Permanent Secretary, a pseudo-modern named Pomfret, is crushed to death on the great staircase by an outside Canova bust. He was alone, except for the night watchman in the basement; and that enormous building, with its teeming staff, gives the investigators a tough job. It is a good, well-written story: though somewhat pompous in the dialogue, and though the end, inevitably, is a trifle flat.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

KEATS complained that his epitaph would be writ on water. In this he always seemed to me to be needlessly querulous, for poets are assured of an immortality denied for centuries to such as athletes and singers... and, above all, to orators. I don't think any art is so immediately stimulating as that of fine conversation. They say Coleridge could entrance; Robbie Burns would drop in at some big Ayrshire farmhouse about 1 a.m., start talking—and bring people flocking in from neighbouring farms, apprised almost by magic, just to listen. But just one day later, all was gone; just a muddled memory.

Great conversationalists—their epitaph has indeed been writ upon air. And written upon air has been the story of lightning chess; ordinary games are commonly played through a century after, but the moves of lightning chess have always died away with the sound of the bell.

The score I give below is therefore a rarity: a game played at ten seconds per move, for the British Lightning Chess Championship, recorded for posterity.

RUY LOPEZ.

| L. W. | A. Y. | L. W. | A. Y. |
|------------|--------|-----------|-------------|
| BARDEN | GREEN | BARDEN | GREEN |
| White | Black | White | Black |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 11. B×Kt | Q×B |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | 12. R-K1 | B-Q2 |
| 3. B-Kt5 | P-QR3 | 13. Kt-B3 | Castles (Q) |
| 4. B-R4 | K-B3 | 14. Q-B3 | QR-B1 |
| 5. Castles | B-K2 | 15. Q-Kt3 | P-B4 |
| 6. P-Q4 | P×P | 16. B-Kt5 | Q-B2 |
| 7. P-K5 | Kt-K5 | 17. Q-K3 | Kt-K3 |
| 8. Kt×P | Kt-B4 | 18. Q-R7 | B-K1 |
| 9. Kt-B5 | P-KKt3 | 19. QR-Q1 | Kt-Q5 |
| 10. Kt×B | Q×Kt | 20. R×Kt | Resigns |

Barden's 9. Kt-B5, though provocative, is well established in the theory of the openings. Up to here and beyond, neither player utilised anything but his memory. Had Green answered 9... Kt×B? White could have exploited the situation by, for instance, 10. Kt×Pch, K-B7; 11. B-KR6 threatening to win Black's queen by 12. Kt-K6 dis. ch, and with 12. Q-Kt4 in reserve should Black reply 11... K-Kt3; but none of this was worked out during the game; all had been securely lodged in the players' memories months before.

17. Q-K3 wins this game here, though in ordinary chess it would have left the issue wide open. 18. Q×Kt is a real menace, 18. P-K6 an illusory one. Given perhaps fifteen seconds, instead of ten, Green might have discovered the right reply to 17. Q-K3—namely, 17... P-QKt3. He can play... K-Kt2 or... Kt-K3 at need after that. By moving his attacked knight instead of protecting it, Green invites Q-QR7, which is sheer murder.

That this game, probably one of the best in the tournament, was decided in so poor a fashion, emphasises, to my mind, the need for a more scientific method of quickening up chess than the traditional buzz-every-ten-seconds. I felt and wrote this some weeks before this event and my feelings on the subject have certainly hardened. A player should be allowed a little extra time at crucial junctures, it being always understood that this automatically decreases the time at his disposal later. This is just as in ordinary chess. About a century ago they tried allocating exactly five minutes to each move in ordinary chess. The absurdity of the system was realised in a matter of months. Nowadays, though it is impossible to purchase a reliable chess clock for less than about £4, no first-class chess is played without clocks which regulate not the time per move but the time *per so many moves*, the allocation of the time per move being at the player's discretion. If I haven't designed and commissioned a clock which will do the same for lightning chess by the time my Chess Festival opens in Cheltenham in August, then my name isn't Baruch H. Wood.

reveals himself as a kind of latter-day American Gilbert White, though the Rector of Selborne, in the nature of things, was not able to bring first-class photography to the aid of his pen. As far as this is concerned, I seldom recall having seen a more fascinating series of photographs than those illustrating the fight between the indigo-snake and the rattlesnake. This is the first of Mr. Teale's books I have read. I made myself a promise that it shall not be the last.

If it weren't for the Gulf Stream England and the rest of Northern Europe would be a sub-arctic waste. It is only in comparatively recent times, however, that anything has been known about the stream which Mr. Henry Chapin and Dr. F. G. Walton Smith, the authors of "The Ocean River" (Gollancz; 16s.) describe as "the greatest river in the world." The Atlantic Ocean "forms a gigantic pool with the Sargasso Sea roughly in the centre, around which 75,000,000 tons of water per second is transported in clockwise fashion." The authors make an excellent team. For Mr. Chapin is a historian-anthropologist and Dr. Walton Smith is a famous oceanographer. They are thus excellently qualified to write on this great stream which has given Europe its character and its history.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NAPOLEONIC SHORTHAND.

"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA: MEMOIRS OF GENERAL BERTRAND" (deciphered and annotated by Paul Fleuriot de Langle and translated by Frances Hume) (Cassell; 21s.) is a notable addition to Bonapartist literature. There was no servant of the Emperor who was closer to him, and certainly none more faithful than the Grand Marshal of the Palace. He shared his exile, endured his passionate outbursts and acted as secretary and hospital nurse to the moment when Napoleon's unpleasant disease had run its course. For a long time Napoleonic scholars had lamented the fact that Bertrand's papers had never come to light. Then in 1946 a strong-box containing them was discovered, and M. Paul Fleuriot de Langle, the eminent French historian and Secretary-General of the Napoleonic Institute in Paris, was given the task of editing them. As he himself says,

however, he had obtained a prize, but only to find it, at first sight, worthless. For the Grand Marshal kept his diaries not only in a tiny almost illegible hand, but in a form of abbreviated writing of his own. Patience, aided by a supreme knowledge of his subject, enabled M. Fleuriot de Langle to overcome the difficulties. But, as he says, "permit him to set before you a random selection of the scrawls over which he laboured for three years, with a magnifying glass in his hand and a tear in his eye." "N. so. le mat. encal: il. déj. bi. se. trv. un peu fat; le so. il est f. g. Le Gm. me. ar. à l'E. Il di. av. l. jo. av. l. fa. pend. unch.; l'E. ét. so. le mat. en cal. et av. déj. de bo. ap; si cela cont. il ser. gue. en 15 j. il. dig. bi. ceg. ma; il. di. au D. q. se. p. m. q. f. ces. l. q. . . ." Translated it means: "Napoleon sort le matin en calèche. Il déjeune bien, se trouve un peu fatigué; le soir, il est fort gai. Le Grand Maréchal mène Arthur à l'Empereur; il dîne avec lui, joue avec lui familièrement pendant une heure. L'Empereur était sorti le matin en calèche et avait déjeuné de bon appétit. Si cela continue, il sera guéri en quinze jours. Il digère bien ce qu'il mange; il dit au docteur qu'il se porte mieux, qu'il faut cesser le quinquina." The notebooks cover a period from January to May 1821, and are of fascinating interest. Not that the Grand Marshal was a literary man. Here are no pretensions to style, but the picture he gives of Napoleon in the last months of his life is altogether different from any one has seen before. Here one can see a great man rendered an ordinary man by suffering and the discomfort and humiliations of a fatal disease. Only occasionally is there an echo of the old imperious accents to break the slow decline. "Confined more and more to the retreat of his sickroom, the Emperor suffers and complains, moans and sighs. The doctors around him alternately torment him with their untimely or useless remedies, or with an almost breathtaking indifference grease the slope down which their patient edges little by little towards the abyss. They exercise their profession." Evidently M. Fleuriot de Langle has no high opinion of doctors. Curiously, Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor who figures so largely in other Napoleonic memoirs as a narrow-minded tyrant, scarcely appears. When he does it is in what I imagine is his true light—that of a well-meaning bureaucrat whom you could match by a hundred others in Whitehall to-day. The Memoirs also throw an interesting light on Napoleon's attitude to religion and show him to have been to the end virtually an agnostic. As M. Fleuriot de Langle says, "he makes a sacrifice to ritual; but he has no profound faith. On this subject Bertrand's testimony should be retained by anyone wishing to create for himself a religion out of the religious beliefs of the Emperor." While several times in his last days Napoleon muttered the words "à la tête de l'armée," Bertrand's Memoirs nowhere support the legend that he also muttered "Josephine," or suggest that the Emperor retained any of the sentimental feelings for his first wife with which history has credited him. But perhaps the austere and devoted soldier who watched his master's decline with helpless grief did not consider such matters suitable for annotation. This valuable and fascinating book has been excellently translated by Frances Hume.

I know of few more agreeable writers to-day than Mr. Thomas Firbank, the author of that delightful book, "I Bought a Mountain," to which he now adds "A Country of Memorable Honour" (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). This is really a description of a walking tour (aided by bus and other transport when warranted) made by Mr. Firbank through the Principality from Llangollen to Cardiff and Newport. Mr. Firbank has a quick eye, a delightful pen and a natural and national sympathy for his subject. Before I read his book I was, I must confess, inclined to the erroneous belief that the Welsh had all the less amiable characteristics of the Irish without their countervailing virtues. Guided by Mr. Firbank, I see now the error of my ways. He takes the reader gently by the hand, as it were, and by sketching the problems of modern Wales, with many digressions into the historical traditions which, as in Ireland, are at one with the present, he creates a fund of sympathy for both land and people.

Another observer who can write is Mr. Edwin Way Teale, the author of "The Lost Woods" (Hale; 21s.). Mr. Teale is a well-known American naturalist who reveals himself as a kind of latter-day American Gilbert White, though the Rector of Selborne, in the nature of things, was not able to bring first-class photography to the aid of his pen. As far as this is concerned, I seldom recall having seen a more fascinating series of photographs than those illustrating the fight between the indigo-snake and the rattlesnake. This is the first of Mr. Teale's books I have read. I made myself a promise that it shall not be the last.

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, June 27, 1953.
Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

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